

# The Living Age

3941

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From Beginning



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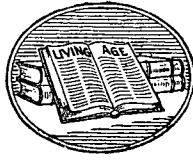
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## A MESSAGE FROM IRELAND TO AMERICA

BY SIR HORACE PLUNKETT

THE *Irish Statesman* has a goodly number of American readers, and it is safe to say that every one of them is deeply interested in the political settlement it advocates and in the current Irish thought and feeling it expresses. Unless we are completely misinformed they scan its pages with a yearning to hear some hopeful answer to the perennial question, 'How does she stand?' Not a few of them look to this new voice from Ireland for guidance in the most perplexing Irish situation in living memory. They know that this journal can claim the somewhat rare distinction of not being owned or controlled by any political organization, and of being absolutely impartial as between capital and labor in the social conflict now threatening the peace of the world even more alarmingly than international antagonisms. Its columns are, therefore, a fitting channel through which to convey a message from Ireland to America, or—less grandiloquently—from some Irishmen to some Americans.

In what I have now to say I shall assume a general agreement that Western civilization fundamentally depends upon a right mutual under-

standing between the peoples of the United States and of the League of Nations, as we may now call it, under the British flag. 'To such an understanding,' writes Professor Turner in a book upon Ireland and America, remarkable for its sincerity, fullness, and impartiality, 'there has been in the past no greater obstacle than the Irish question.' Forty years in close touch with American life have convinced me that this is a true judgment. Adding to my long American, my still longer Irish, experience, I give it as my considered opinion that at the present crisis America might do more to rid the world of the curse of Irish unrest than can England, or even Ireland herself. And I am not alone in this opinion.

The most emphatic British demand, led by the *Times*, for an Irish settlement is based upon Anglo-American arguments. The protagonists on both sides of the Irish political struggle have transferred their main operations to the United States. Nor were they wrong to do so; for the Irish question is a world question, not only because millions of those who have a deep personal interest in its settlement are scattered all over the world, but much

more because certain root principles involved are among those for which the late war was fought. In this age-long Irish controversy, as in that war, there is a Western Front upon which the main issue will be decided — and that front is America. So I propose to show the American people — for it is they and not their President or government that can act in the matter — that they have, while the very foundations of World Peace are being weakened by this ancient wrong, an opportunity as great as their responsibility is grave.

Hitherto the American people have been indoctrinated with the opinions, hopes, aspirations, and passions of the party which has swept all before it in Nationalist Ireland. Now they are having presented to them for the first time in an organized campaign the opinions, hopes, aspirations, and passions of the opposite — the 'Ulster' — extreme. The writer from whom I have quoted above asserts that 'in America Irish matters are usually discussed by extremists,' that is, by people who refuse to hear the other side. But this is not the usual American way. I ask our American friends with full confidence not only to hear both sides, but, when they have heard them and realize what an impassable gulf divides them, to listen to those moderate folk who believe that they have found a bridge in Dominion self-government.

Americans rightly wish the Irish people to have the government they want and the majority are asking for a republic. Yet Americans cannot support an Irish Republic without serious danger of civil war in Ireland. On the other hand if they argue, as does Professor Turner, that Ulster has the same right to separate herself from Ireland as Ireland has to break away from the United Kingdom and the British Empire, and cite as he does the

instance of West Virginia, then they run counter to the national sentiment of four fifths of the Irish at home and a much larger proportion of the Irish abroad.

The advocates of a Dominion settlement ignore none of these claims and counter-claims. Consisting mostly of business men who have taken no active part in politics, they are satisfied that a demand for the fullest measure of self-government, consistent with the military safety of the group of islands of which Ireland is a part, is now the one way of setting up a government in Ireland which will have any chance of attaining the consent of the governed. While refusing to break up the unity of their country, once that is assured, they are willing to concede, within the Dominion of Ireland, any provincial rights which may meet the needs and allay the fears of the mainly protestant population in the North-east corner of the island.

We do not expect Americans to trouble themselves with the details of an Irish settlement. I have no more than indicated, in the broadest outline, what a body of Irish opinion which makes no extravagant claim of authority, but which Americans would certainly respect, believes to be the wisest procedure at the moment. We ask all lovers of Ireland to advise the Irish people to give it their thoughtful consideration at the present crisis in the affairs of their country. I know the chief difficulty in interesting Americans in the Dominion solution is that they have no experience of it. But they have only to look across their Northern border to see it, conferring upon English-speaking people as full and as unrestricted democratic freedom as they possess themselves. And Canada is not without its Ulster

Readers of the *Irish Statesman* need not be told that the British Govern-

ment in Ireland in its latest. and, I think it safe to say, its final, stage, is in itself a terrible evil fraught with the gravest consequences to the future of our country. You cannot make new crimes without making new criminals. You cannot discredit all the law that exists without weakening the sanction of the law to come. We are promised in a few days the announcement of a bill to provide self-government for Ireland. The Irish people have had no hand or part in framing the government they are to work. They have not the faintest notion what it is going to

The Irish Statesman, December 13, 1919

be. One minister in the secret has publicly disclosed that they will unanimously denounce it when its terms are known. We may, therefore, confidently assert that this is at best merely marking time, at worst a device of political opportunism in lieu of statesmanship.

I am convinced that the whole situation would be changed if the British people and the Irish people both knew that the American people would give their moral support to the reasonable compromise the Irish Dominion League advocates between sovereign independence and the legislative Union.

## PRESENT DAY PROBLEMS IN HOLLAND

BY J. R. VAN STUWE

DURING the war neutrality was in bad repute, and it requires as much perseverance and self-restraint as scrupulous honesty in all dealings to wear down a bad reputation. In the press of the warring nations the Netherlands have had their full share of suspicion and reproach, and though the war may be over some day, and settlement in all disputes be reached, the ill weeds of prejudice and bias grow rankly on a soil so tragically well prepared that it seems almost impossible to root out some of the fallacies created about the doings and dealings of Holland in the years of stress.

All through the war unthinking people ceaselessly reiterated: 'We fight and bleed, you neutrals reap the harvest.' And yet of all the neutral states of Western Europe the Netherlands have suffered most by the dis-

location of their trade and industries, the mainstay of their national wealth. The transport trade, by which we partly live, entirely ceased; our factories closed down for want of raw materials and coal; our shipping dwindled to less than a tenth of its former dimensions; unemployment with its *sequelæ* of misery and hunger prevailed among the working classes; and an army on war footing guarded the frontiers and sapped the nation's wealth by an unproductive activity. Though the supreme sacrifice was not demanded, we were prepared to offer it and would have died fighting rather than live in shame. These are not idle words, for, whatever our reputation may be, we cannot be charged with cowardice or with compromising our honor.

No, we have not 'done well' by the

war, though fortunes changed hands, and the more adventurous or enterprising of our merchants reaped golden harvests, for which the populace have to pay. At present our population suffers from over-taxation and from high prices no less than others, and it is hardly necessary to quote statistical figures to reveal the fallacy of the contention that the Netherlands 'gained immense wealth' by a war which totally or partly ruined their neighbors. Still, figures and hard facts are illuminating, and it should be borne in mind that the total population of the Netherlands is less than that of London, and that the country is spread over an area equal to about half that of Ireland.

Taxation in Holland to-day has been raised to an amount about treble that of 1913, direct taxation is increased to 73.38 guilders per capita, which is 158 per cent more than that of 1913. Our National Debt was raised by a milliard and a half; but this, of course, does not include the losses incurred by industry, shipping, and trade, all of which are mainstays of the national wealth. I need only mention the amount paid out to the unemployed from August, 1914, to December 31, 1918, to convince the most incredulous reader of the seriousness of these losses. The state subsidy for food supply amounted to 335,000,000, state unemployment pay to 87,000,000, while in addition the National Relief Committee doled out just under 40,000,000 guilders to the suffering poor.

The cost of mobilization, to give another item of expenditure which arose out of the war, surpassed a milliard, and it may be mentioned that in view of eventualities our army has virtually been kept at war strength until this day. The sacrifice connected with the mobilization of the able-

bodied part of the male population cannot be expressed in figures, and in this respect the Netherlands may be put almost on a par with the warring nations themselves.

A recent visit to Holland, extending over several weeks, convinced me — had conviction been necessary — that the war has brought about a curious change of atmosphere in public places. A garish crowd has taken possession of the theatre boxes and the better restaurants. The *nouveaux riches* have successfully supplanted the cultured aristocracy of birth and mind; the professional classes have suffered as much from vexatious taxations and the high cost of living as the middle class and the poor. The necessities of life at the present day are still much dearer in Holland than in Britain, as I discovered to my cost. Barefaced profiteering, no less than the justifiable raising of prices caused by world scarcity, dearth of shipping, and increased cost of production — mainly due to the new eight-hour day and substantial raising of wages of the workers — place a heavy burden on the shoulders of the long-suffering middle class, whose lot is not an enviable one; and altogether the old conception of a land of milk and honey and general good living can be relegated to the dusty shelf of memories of a bygone age.

Economically, Holland has suffered loss in all directions, and the gold which flowed into our country in the first few years of the war — a mere trifle in comparison with the profits made by neutral states outside the war zone — may have enriched the adventurous few. It has but slightly alleviated the financial burden which tends to crush that useful part of the population which has not unjustly been called the backbone of the state.

Politically, Holland's prestige as a

sovereign state has suffered also by the numerous and very serious difficulties she encountered during the past eventful four years. The sharpest legal minds of my country, the birthplace of international law, were ceaselessly whetted on the grindstone of international disputes and opportunistic claims of all contending parties. Only the strictest impartiality saved us from disaster, though not from abuse and vilification. Here our national characteristic phlegm and the firm assurance of the judgment of posterity saved us from hasty action. We know the time will come when not only the best minds of men, but also the unthinking throng, who sing their jingoistic leaders' chorus, will come to understand and appreciate the delicate position of my country, and will do justice to the skill with which our helmsmen piloted our ship of state through the raging storm, and to the courage of its crew, which rescued numberless lives from the surging waters of the war.

As to the question of the ex-Kaiser's extradition, I can only say that our notions of hospitality and chivalry are not different from those traditionally upheld by Great Britain, as reflected in Palmerston's historic words: 'The laws of hospitality, the dictates of humanity, the general feelings of mankind, forbid such surrender; and any independent government, which of its own free will were to make such surrender, would be deservedly and universally stigmatized as degraded and dishonored.'

Our hospitality has been extended to other and less undesirable guests. King George paid a handsome tribute to our treatment of his maimed and broken subjects, rescued from the German camps. From other sides our help has been acknowledged, not the least by the Belgian refugees, who in their hundreds of thousands crossed

our southern frontier in the eventful days of Antwerp's fall. It is in no mean spirit of boastfulness, but with a set purpose, that I here mention the amount of expenditure incurred by the Dutch Government alone, in extending hospitality to destitute fugitives, namely, 35,000,000 guilders. How well I remember — for I happened to be in Roosendaal on the day when the long and sombre stream of refugees began to arrive — the heartfelt sympathy and friendly helpfulness with which the Dutch welcomed those poor souls.

How is it, then, that, at my recent visit to the Netherlands, that spirit of sympathy for the Belgian nation had almost entirely vanished and had given place to a feeling of deep resentment and distrust, not to give it a stronger name? No exception was taken to the guests of the past four years, their behavior has been no worse and no better than would have been expected of any other community ruthlessly torn from its surroundings. It is not because we kept and fed and clothed those thousands upon thousands of Belgian refugees, to the extent of adding one guest to every ten of our own population, that we ask for better treatment than has been meted out to us by the organized propaganda of the Belgian annexationists. We ask for fair treatment not only for our own sake, but also in the interest of the Belgians themselves and of their children's children. Nothing rankles so persistently in the mind as deliberate injustice; no knife cuts so deep in the flesh and leaves so hideous a scar.

The lack of appreciation and good will shown to us by the Belgian Government in their hour of triumph, the immediate voicing of grievances — not to us, but to the Allied Powers in Paris — the extravagant desires for

expansion at the expense of Dutch territories, expressed in a section of the Belgian press, all these factors have turned our sympathy into distrust and strained our relations almost to breaking point.

There are grievances of long standing, and grievances of which one never heard before. However that may be, they are not entirely one-sided. Holland has her grievances as well, a point too often overlooked.

We have an old saying, the reflection of a mind experienced in the school of life: 'Better have a good neighbor than a distant friend,' and acting upon that maxim our people are willing to make concessions on many points. But they will neither countenance the cession of territory nor sacrifice their independence of action as a sovereign Power. Our friends to-day may be our enemies to-morrow, and a military convention of any sort — as seemingly proposed — is certainly in flagrant contradiction to the principles of the newborn League of Nations, principles which admit no neutrality and overrule all bonds of mutual help in the all-binding rule that a breach of the peace by any country shall be discountenanced by all the other Powers without exception.

From a practical point of view, and assuming that Germany were in a position to renew her aggressive policy in the distant future, a military convention between Holland and Belgium would mean that the historical 'cock-pit of Europe' would be shifted to the North — a not altogether agreeable prospect for us, and acceptable only if supported by the League in its entirety, but never if a promised backing by the Belgian battalions were the only guaranty.

The defense of Dutch Limburg certainly is a difficult proposition, but the Belgian contention that a violation

of that ill-defended region for another treacherous invasion of Belgium might prove fatal, can be accepted only on the assumption that the Dutch, to their utter dishonor, would not consider a breach of territory to constitute a *casus belli*, which, of course, is inconceivable. The Belgians, who would thus suspect us of connivance, might be well advised to pursue this point to a logical conclusion, which is that not only Limburg, but the whole frontier between their country and ours up to the Scheldt, offers means of access to German legions, and that — the possibility of connivance admitted — a strongly fortified Limburg might well have the result of leading to a wholly mistaken sense of security.

Not a weak defense of Limburg, but the strong connection of Limburg to a country with traditions to uphold, is the best guaranty against the violation; and so it has proved to be in the last war. Assuming the League of Nations to be no more than an idealistic vision — and what other view do the Belgian imperialists entertain? — the safety of the Northern Meuse line rests with the whole of the Dutch Army, not with the Maastricht garrison alone.

So far as the question of the Scheldt is concerned, British statesmen, consulting their history books, will find ample reasons why, in the past, Great Britain has always resisted, and successfully resisted, the opening of the Scheldt to men-of-war. She never wanted a renewal of Napoleon's threat that Antwerp should be '*un pistolet chargé sur la gorge de l'Angleterre*.'

This is, however, a problem which will solve itself, once the principles of the League of Nations are accepted. The next war will then know no neutrals, and access for men-of-war to any waterway cannot be refused. I do not see what good can come of stirring

up bad blood for the sake of settling grievances which a higher court than that of Paris must needs solve by arbitration.

We must read the lessons of the war from a broader standpoint than that of

Everyman

a partisan. We must study the war in the light of history as well as in the light of the present, and not only study war, but study peace as well, which can never be lasting if built on the shifting sands of injustice.

## THE TRUE STORY OF THE BOLSHEVIST RÉGIME AT BUDAPEST

A BUDAPEST journalist, who participated in the Soviet Government as a member of the Communist party, sends to Vorwärts the following communication:

During Karoly's régime Paul Keri, an intimate friend of the easily influenced premier, resided in Switzerland and flooded his country from that point with predictions of the coming world revolution. These reports, together with the increasing pressure of the Entente, turned Karoly's sympathy more and more toward Soviet Russia. The Social-Democratic party was quite unaware of this change. It might have seized the reins of government as early as February, and ought to have done so in view of the constantly recurring cabinet crises and the growing agitation against the government. But the Social-Democrats did not wish to take over the administration, because they feared that they would only disappoint the people in view of the critical situation the country was facing, and thus disparage the Socialist movement itself.

Suddenly the whole nation was shocked by the ultimatum of the Entente, presented by Colonel Vix, demanding the evacuation of extensive territories inhabited solely by

Hungarians. To comply with this demand would cut off Budapest from essential sources of food supply. A few weeks previously the Bolshevik leaders had been imprisoned. This had increased the sympathy for them among the working people, who were suffering fearfully from unemployment and under-nourishment. The relief granted the unemployed by the government was 15 crowns a day, which hardly sufficed to buy a single meal. As a popular appeal the Communists demanded that the government pay discharged soldiers and war invalids in a lump sum 5400 crowns, equal to unemployment benefits for an entire year. This measure would have put a burden of about 40,000,000,000 crowns upon the Treasury. However, such trifles did not trouble the Communists. On the one hand Minister Piedl was roughly handled at his office by a mob advocating these demands, while on the other, capitalists were resisting bitterly a direct levy upon property — the only measure that would restore public solvency.

The ultimatum of the Entente was followed by an outburst of Chauvinism. The Social-Democratic party faced the choice of either establishing a party dictatorship in opposition to

many of the working people, or of coöperating with the Communists. The metal workers threatened to withdraw from the party if a dictatorship were not proclaimed. This is the reason the Socialists united with the Radicals.

The Entente made no further demands. Three weeks later General Smuts arrived in Budapest and negotiated with Bela Kun. At first the situation seemed hopeful, since both patriotic sentiment and proletarian interests were united in opposing the surrender of purely Hungarian territory to foreign imperialists.

Bela Kun, who is now about forty years old, was originally a bourgeois journalist, but he has always been a Socialist at heart. He had served as a party secretary for the Social-Democrats, and as director of a hospital fund. During the war he was captured by the Russians, and after the Bolshevik victory in that country he organized the first Hungarian Red Guard, which fought the counter-revolutionary Czecho-Slovaks. Among the war prisoners who were Kun's companions in Russia were Tibor Samuely, Bela Szanto, and Karl Bantus, all of whom later became members of the Communist government. Subsequently, during his sojourn in Russia, Bela Kun directed a school for Hungarian agitators in Moscow, and organized the Hungarian Communist party there. After the armistice Lenin sent him to Hungary. He brought several million rubles with him. A Russian Bolshevik intelligence committee was stationed in Budapest and Vienna under the guise of a Red Cross delegation. The members were later arrested and handed over to the Entente. They are still interned in the vicinity of Salonica.

Before long nearly everybody in Hungary was disgusted with the

Soviet administration, and if Budapest had not been attacked by counter-revolutionary warships on the Danube, the government would have fallen from its own unpopularity and the moderate Social-Democrats would have assumed control. In fact the Bolshevik dictators faced an impossible situation. The nation expected a miracle from them, and they were helpless. Factories had no raw materials or coal, but they had to continue paying wages. The only establishment that remained in full operation was the munition works at Esepel. Illicit trading was more general than ever; for legitimate merchants had been put out of business by the socialization of shops, and agencies to take their place had not been created. A new class of capitalists arose, composed of shady speculators of every kind, and of Soviet officials from the frontier. The latter did a tremendous business. A new bureaucracy was created, consisting largely of ignorant loafers from the proletariat and the lower bourgeoisie, much more corrupt and incompetent than the old one. All these things compromised Socialism itself. Increasingly radical measures were adopted, and at last a true dictatorship was established. This resulted in constant conflicts between the Soviet government and the mass of the working people, who had been trained in Social-Democratic doctrines.

So far as the factories worked at all, they were managed by their former superintendents. Shop committees were authorized merely to approve measures but not to initiate them. The efficiency of the workers continued to decline in spite of all the exhortations addressed to them. Finally, it was necessary to introduce piece-work, and the adoption of the Taylor system was seriously considered. Large landed

estates were turned over to associations of peasants, but innumerable and conflicting orders regarding division of land soon made Communism unpopular with the country people. The latter were still further prejudiced against the government by the currency system. The old Austro-Hungarian bank notes could no longer be issued, and the new notes were printed on one side only. The conservative peasantry refused to accept this 'white money.'

For a time every business house in Budapest was closed. Members of the middle class were permitted to draw not exceeding two thousand crowns a month from their bank deposits. Those who had no ready money were appointed public agents to manage their former businesses. Those who had had no previous business must look out for themselves as best they could. All the newspapers, with two exceptions, were permitted to continue publication, but under

strict Communist censorship. Curiously enough the bourgeois papers printed more brilliant editorials in favor of Communism than the former labor press. Nevertheless, some bourgeois journalists found a way to evade the censorship and publish their real opinions. This at last resulted in orders being issued daily by the authorities, prescribing what should appear on the editorial page. There were no advertisements.

The accounts circulated abroad of the reign of terror in Budapest were greatly exaggerated. It was not unusual to meet in the cafés men who had been sentenced to long periods of imprisonment only a few days before. The reign of terror instituted by Samuely was limited to executing people who were captured with arms in their hands at places where members of the Red Guard had been assassinated. The people thus executed were not so numerous as the Red Guards who had been killed.

Vorwärts, September 25, 1919

## THE WIND

BY FREDEGOND SHOVE

THE wind is sweeping up the clouds  
 From the pavements of the sky;  
 The wind is sweeping up the leaves,  
 Clean and pure the pathways lie.  
 The wind is new — is always new —  
 And a new broom sweeps clean.  
 O that the wind might sweep my soul  
 Where so much dust has been!

# AMERICA AND PROHIBITION: A COMPLETE HISTORY

BY A. MAURICE LOW

Is it a joke, a tragedy, or a catch-penny political play? To most Englishmen the thought of America dry, New York and its other large cities barren wastes, where the only relief for thirst is ice cream, soda, or 'near' beer — and it was a disillusioned negro who remarked on first acquaintance: 'It looks like beer, it tastes like beer, but it ain't got no authority when it goes down' — seems impossible. The land of the cocktail, where rye and bourbon whiskey competed with iced water as the national drink, and its genius had sent forth the mint julep to spread its civilizing mission over the face of the earth; the America of Bret Harte and O. Henry and the Western mining camps of the cinema, where cowboys drank unlimited quantities of raw spirits and 'bad men' indulged in indiscriminate gunplay — America dry was unbelievable. It was either a sorry joke, or it was too serious to be true.

Let me remove all doubts as to the sincerity of prohibition. America is dry, and it will remain dry for many years to come. The enactment of prohibition in America is one of the most interesting experiments the world has seen; what the effects will be time alone will tell. I shall not hazard prediction; I simply confine myself to facts.

To begin with, America has banished drink not by legislation, but by an amendment to the Constitution, and I believe I am correct in saying it is the first time in history any nation has written the prohibition of the manufacture, sale, or importation of liquor

into its Constitution. That in itself is a remarkable thing, and it disposes of the question whether prohibition is simply a political trick to be nullified with the next swing of the political pendulum. In America it is easy to make laws, and with equal facility they may be repealed, but it is a much more difficult and complicated process to amend the Constitution; and once an amendment has been adopted it is equally difficult and complicated to take it out of the Constitution.

To amend the Constitution the proposed amendment must first be adopted by two thirds of each House of Congress, and then submitted to the separate states, where it must be voted upon by both Houses constituting the Legislature of the state, and only when three fourths of the whole number of the states have ratified does it become an integral part of the Constitution. Therefore, an amendment to the Constitution must command overwhelming popular support; the whole country is given the opportunity to pass it upon its merits, first through its representatives in Congress, and then through its local representatives, the members of the state legislature; and the small and sparsely settled state has the same weight as the largest and most thickly populated, as the vote of every Legislature for or against counts the same.

The Constitution provides the machinery for its amendment, in the manner I have described, but makes no provision for the nullification of any part of the Constitution, as in the case

of a law passed by one Parliament which can be repealed at will by its successor. Consequently, the only way by which an obnoxious clause of the Constitution can be removed is by the adoption of an amendment which would in specific terms have that effect. Obviously, therefore, it must be many years before the 'wets,' the advocates of liquor, can rally strength enough to defeat the work of their dry opponents, and for the present at least prohibition has come to stay.

The prohibition amendment to the Constitution is drastic in the extreme. It prohibits the manufacture, sale, or transportation of intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes in the United States or its exportation from the United States. It becomes operative one year from its ratification, which was the 29th of January last year. Hence, on the 29th of January the country becomes 'bone dry,' when it will be a criminal offense for any person to manufacture or sell liquor, or any railway, common carrier, or individual to transport it, or anyone to export it. The amendment is not yet operative, but the country has been 'bone dry' since the first of last July by Act of Congress passed as a war measure.

The temperance movement is no new thing in America, although many people believe it is. There was a 'dry' element among those early Puritan settlers, but it was not until seventy years ago that liquor became a social and political question in the United States, when Neal Dow, the Mayor of Portland, Maine, in 1851, secured the passage of a bill by the Maine Legislature prohibiting the sale of intoxicating beverages. The battle of the wets and dries went on year after year, but in 1884 the constitution of Maine was amended, forever prohibiting the manufacture or sale of intoxicants in the

state; local and county option, giving the people the right to elect whether they would sanction or prohibit the sale of liquor, was adopted by several of the states; and some of the Western States, Kansas and Iowa especially, were early converts to temperance; but it was not until 1872 that the supporters of temperance felt themselves strong enough to enter national politics. In that year they nominated a presidential candidate, who polled 5600 votes out of a total of 6,456,000, but nothing daunted they kept on, every year nominating a candidate and gallantly marching to defeat; until the Prohibition party became the poor joke in American politics, and when it was desired to kill by ridicule a too self-seeking politician, the newspapers gravely suggested that he would make an admirable candidate on the prohibition ticket. Considering that prohibition is now in the saddle, it is interesting to note that as late as three years ago Mr. Wilson polled over 9,000,000 votes, Mr. Hughes, his Republican opponent, 8,500,000 votes, and the Socialist candidate 600,000; but the Prohibition candidate came in a bad fourth with a beggarly 230,000 votes.

What, then, reversed public sentiment? The same causes, in a minor degree, that brought an English King to the scaffold, that sent a French King and his consort to the guillotine, that lost to Britain her American colonies, that destroyed Prussianism — the arrogance and stupidity of a class, its immoral conception of the responsibilities and obligations of the state, flagrant defiance of public opinion, contempt for the moral strength of the great mass. There would not be prohibition to-day in America had it not been for the obtuseness of the men to whom it has been the greatest financial injury, the distillers and the

brewers. Liquor made them so rich and powerful that they believed they were rich and powerful enough to defy law and create their own laws; blinded by their pride, they were obstinate enough to believe they could stem a great moral movement by the corrupt use of money.

The brewers and distillers in America, conveniently termed the liquor interests, early took an active interest in politics, to an extent unknown and impossible in England, because of the difference in the political systems of the two countries. In America the saloon in every large city and in many of the small communities was a political centre, and the rottenness of American municipal politics (and Americans themselves admit the iniquity of their municipal politics) was fostered by the liquor interests for selfish purposes. They stood in with the dominant party in exchange for illicit favors, for the saloons were consistent law-breakers.

There are few tied houses in America in the English sense, but the great brewers and large distillers had an interest in saloons by advancing money to the saloon keeper or giving him extended credit; the liquor interests gave their protection to their protégés, and through their vast and complex organizations manipulated politics in the interest of the trade and against the welfare of the community. There were, of course, decent brewers and distillers, as there were decent saloon keepers, who respected the law and had a sense of moral obligation, but they were in a minority. It was not so much the harm done by drinking as it was the environment, the associations, and the low tone surrounding the places and the men who sold drink. If ballot boxes had to be stuffed, or polling booths broken up, or respectable voters intimidated, or gunmen

hired to assassinate a dangerous rival or fearless public official, it was in the saloons the deals were made and the hooligans were hired.

What went on in municipal politics went on more secretly and with greater finesse in state and national politics. The agents and lobbyists of the liquor interests swarmed in the state capitols, corrupting, seducing, bribing, or intimidating members of the Legislature; the liquor lobby was maintained in Washington; the money of the liquor interests helped to fill the campaign chests of presidential candidates; there was scarcely a Congressional district that escaped the slimy trail of the 'tainted money' of liquor. The manufacture and sale of liquor was a recognized business, but the liquor interests were always ground between the upper and nether millstones of legitimate legislation, the assaults of piratical politicians, and the constantly growing sentiment against liquor.

The business was under triple control: the Federal Government, which levied inland and excise taxes, and had the sole power to make regulations governing the manufacture of beer or the distillation of spirits; the state, which exercised general sovereign powers within its own borders; and the municipality, which imposed its own local regulations. Here was a fine field for graft, and it was worked to the limit. No legitimate business could have stood it and survived; liquor thrived on its illicit exactions.

Slowly the American people awakened to the fact that their political strength was being sapped. 'The saloon in politics' became a rallying cry. Morality was alarmed. The good people said, drive the saloon out of politics; but the good people are so frequently impractical idealists, while the wicked combine with their villainy

much shrewd common sense. From the temperance fanatics, with their root-and-branch policy, and the moderately moral the liquor interests had nothing to fear. No practical politician would ally himself with the Prohibition party; there was as much danger of the prohibition Presidential candidate being elected as there was that the rivers would run dry or people cease from drinking. There was always danger of more oppressive and greater restrictive legislation, and that could be met by the freer use of money, by the employment of agents with greater skill and less conscience and larger corruption funds.

And then the prohibition leaders made a discovery. Hitherto they had been fighting the devil with rose-water, who enjoyed both its scent and taste. Now they would fight him with fire. They turned against him his own weapon.

The strength of the liquor interests was that it followed the Pauline principle, and in matters political was all things to all parties. The weakness of the Prohibitionists was that it was a party of one idea, and so righteous that it shrank from doing evil that good might come.

The liquor interests were non-partisan, and, in the vernacular of the street, 'played no favorites'; all they asked for was a proper return on their investment. In Democratic states they were Democrats and supported the Democratic machine; in Republican states their money and talents were at the command of the Republican organization. Hence in New York City they stood in with Tammany because nine times out of ten Tammany played the winning card; in Philadelphia, where the Republicans have control of the city government, and a more corrupt state of affairs exists than in Tammany, New York, if that is

possible, liquor was Republican. It was the same thing in other cities. Liquor men and their money supported mayors and aldermen as their interests dictated; they helped to elect or defeat candidates for the Legislature or Governors, not because they were Republicans or Democrats — for they never cared in the slightest about party politics — but because they were friendly to the trade or antagonistic. A man could remain a member of his party in good standing and still be the beneficiary of the unselfish interest of brewers and distillers.

Prohibition would make no compromise. A man could not be both a Prohibitionist and a Democrat or a Prohibitionist and a Republican. He must be either one or the other. This was the mistake the Prohibitionists made. Many men believed in the restriction or prohibition of liquor, but they inherited their Republican or Democratic faith, and it seemed more important to cling to their old tenets than to enter the new fold. Furthermore, when a man voted the Prohibition ticket he knew that he was championing a lost cause, and it is foreign to American temperament deliberately to go to defeat. The Church has been watered with the blood of her martyrs, but American politics to take root must have more fertile soil.

Then practical men took charge of Prohibition politics. They organized the Anti-Saloon League, whose frank and avowed purpose was to drive the saloon out of business, but not to elect a Prohibitionist President or Prohibitionists, as such, members of Congress; although the Anti-Saloon League knew that it was only through politics they could win their fight. But their wisdom or guile was the recognition of the fact that so long as the Prohibitionists put up candidates of their own the liquor interests had nothing to fear; it

was when the Prohibitionists turned their strength over to a candidate of one of the dominant parties the interests of liquor were menaced.

That is what the Anti-Saloon League did. It organized prohibition strength and created sentiment for or against that candidate who was in favor of prohibition or opposed to it, in that respect resembling the liquor interests, and like them being neither Republican nor Democrat, but either or both as necessity dictated. I have said that these men were practical, also it should be added they were fanatics. They were most of them clergymen, not believers in the modern 'higher criticism,' as one observer has pointed out, but 'the revivalistic Methodists and Baptists of the older generation'; in a word, the Nonconformist conscience. They drew their inspiration from the Bible and they were as fierce in their denunciation of those who differed from them as the Puritans were in their condemnation of the scarlet woman.

An American writer a few years ago said of these men that with their devotional spirit was combined 'a worldly wisdom that constantly outwits the cleverest politicians of the whiskey interests. Their guiding philosophy may have come from the throne of grace, but their political methods have a practicability that would do credit to the district leaders of Tammany Hall. These reverend wire-pullers admit all this with an engaging frankness. Nor do they hesitate to indicate the source from which they have learned political wisdom — that is, from the politicians of the liquor traffic.'

The Anti-Saloon League organized its campaign learning from its foe. There was a Central Committee or Headquarters Staff in control, there was a committee in every state with its own organization, and radiating from the state committee were committees

and workers in every city, town, and hamlet. The strength of prohibition was in the church. Organize the church against liquor and the victory was assured.

The church in America is a great social force and exercises greater influence, I think, than it does in England. By the church I mean not one sect but all, whether it be Episcopal, Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, Unitarian, Roman Catholic, Christian Science. In America there is no state church and no control is exercised by the state over the form or observance of public worship, but every community has its churches, and every church — especially in the smaller places — is the centre around which cluster the social activities of its members.

Few Englishmen know America; so very few know the real America — not New York or Boston or Washington or Chicago or San Francisco, but the smaller cities and villages of the Middle West and the South and New England — that they have no correct understanding of the life of America and its thought. In these smaller cities and towns — and especially in the days before the cinema was the missionary to a hermit nation — the church was something more than a place of worship to which the congregation went only on Sunday. Living as these people did an isolated life, with little in the way of amusement, with only an occasional traveling troupe of poor actors or minstrels or the circus in summer, it devolved on the church to provide amusement and distraction and to unite its membership socially; which is a legacy from the days of the first settlers when America was governed by the church.

Social life grouped about the church. On each congregation was the duty of supporting its pastor and providing for the upkeep of the church, and the con-

gregation, usually not wealthy, had to be enticed to part with its money. 'Strawberry Festivals' in summer and 'Oyster Suppers' in winter; fairs, dances (where the church did not regard dancing as a sin), amateur theatricals, 'euchre' (in those sects tolerant of card playing), served the double purpose of bringing the young people together in rational enjoyment and yielding revenue to the always meagre church treasury; of keeping enthusiasm alive and providing conversation and giving a touch of color to lives otherwise drab. Scant wonder, then, that after one of these gala occasions, when the young man drove his girl to her home, with only the star-flecked heavens as companion, and the clear, frosty air sweeping down from those wide plains made her snuggle closely to him, not closer than propriety sanctioned — for the morality of these smaller places was rigid, despite the free companionship between boys and girls — but as close as the narrow confines of buggy or cutter permitted, his hand should steal into hers, and he should see in her all that a man has always seen in the woman he loves.

A more intimate relation existed between the pastor and his flock in these smaller places than, I believe I am justified in saying, the people and its spiritual director in Europe. In America the church belonged to the people, and it was this ownership that gave to every member of the congregation the feeling of personal possession, and the pastor was merged into it. In the communities, often struggling for a bare existence, but resolute for salvation, the scanty salary of the preacher was eked out with gifts, a sack of potatoes from one farmer, firewood from another, a cake from a farmer's wife, celebrated for her culinary attainments; clothing for his wife or the children.

The young girls would assist the wife in her modest little parsonage, for the wife was always a heavily-burdened woman and everlastingly giving birth to or nursing a baby, as large families were the rule, and the pastor was expected to set a good example.

It was as an example of holy living that he filled his place in the social scheme. The young must look up to him and try to emulate him; the old must respect him. Often narrow and bigoted, illiberal, dogmatic, and hard, with only a smattering of education, a perverted sense of righteousness and an ignorance of the world that was pitiful, cramped in his soul, and engaged in a constant struggle to make his meagre salary meet his few wants, he not infrequently became a fanatic, and yet he was still a force for good and a potent influence to keep men and women straight.

The American attitude toward liquor has been a peculiar one; to Europeans it will seem a hypocritical one, yet I do not believe it was conscious hypocrisy. America was a hard drinking country, which was natural in a country still in the process of development. Men drank as a matter of course and without shame, but they were ashamed to drink in the presence of their wives and children, consequently there was no drinking at meals, and there are to-day thousands and thousands of middle class homes in which nothing stronger than water has ever been seen on the dining room table. It must be remembered I am depicting the middle class and the class below, and especially in the smaller cities and the semi-rural communities. The rich and the fashionable in the large cities are in a class by themselves, but even among the fairly prosperous of the large cities drinking in the home creates a feeling of immorality in the same way as it would have

horrified our Victorian grandfathers to see their daughters smoking.

Men drank, often to excess, but, practically, only in the companionship of other men or women no respectable woman might know. The church could not remain in ignorance, and the church was continually preaching against the evils of intemperance and continually exhorting its disciples to abstain from strong drink; mothers were forever pleading with their sons not to yield to temptation; even men who drank in moderation warned their boys as they approached manhood of the danger of cultivating a taste for liquor. In this atmosphere it was incumbent upon the clergyman not only to teach by precept but also by example. Few were the clergymen who dared to drink (the Catholic priest, of course, was the exception), because their influence would have been shattered, and few cared to, because when a man went into the ministry he dedicated himself to the cause of temperance in the same way that a priest of the Catholic Church took the vow of celibacy.

It was this great and powerful influence the Anti-Saloon League enlisted when it took the field against the liquor interests and made prohibition a moral issue.

It is not considered good form, I believe, to mention the hangman in the home of the relatives of one of his recent victims, and for the same reason one hesitates to ask the liquor interests to reveal the intimate details of their political methods, and especially the amount of money they spent in bribery; but if one is to believe them and their sorrowing friends, they were white-robed angels compared to their opponents enlisted under the banner of morality. They maintain a discreet silence about their own affairs, but they become voluble and vehement

when they talk about the tactics of the opposition, and, despite their volubility, words fail them when they attempt to recall 'the millions' illicitly spent by prohibition to seduce a virtuous proletariat from its love for beer and whiskey. You will hear many strange stories. You will hear of men elected to Congress, not only their election expenses paid by the agents of prohibition, but with money in their pockets. You will be told of men active in the good cause who have made great fortunes. You will, in short, be regaled by such scandal.

I do not know whether it is a case of the pot calling the kettle black. I do not know whether the political tactics of the Prohibitionists were as bad or worse than those of the liquor interests, because there is nothing more substantial than gossip on which to form an opinion, but whether the charges are true or false is of little consequence. What angers the liquor interests more than anything is the delusion they cherish that an unfair advantage was taken. What they would like to have you believe is that prohibition was 'put over' when they were not looking, and it was only the hysterical mood of the public caused by the exaltation of war that made prohibition possible.

Undoubtedly the war accelerated the movement. The war hastened prohibition in the same way that it brought about many other social and economic reforms, but I believe I am correct in saying that, war or no war, prohibition in America was bound to come, only it would probably have been postponed for another five or ten years. This is merely an individual opinion, and, therefore, can be disregarded, but the facts sustain it.

On January 1, 1917, America being then at peace and untouched by the emotion of war, nineteen of the forty-

eight states had enacted prohibition laws, and similar laws were pending in several other states. That the movement in favor of prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicants had been gaining strength during recent years was evident to everyone except the men who were determined not to admit it. The liquor interests had been fighting bitterly and expensively, they had seen one state after another fall into the prohibition column; they must have known by this time that the political generalship, the financial resources, and the influence of the Anti-Saloon League were at least as powerful as those of the liquor trade, and yet they were able to convince themselves that there was no danger of national prohibition, or prohibition by constitutional amendment. That the Prohibitionists had long proclaimed was their purpose. State prohibition was merely the first step, a long step, it is true, but still far short of what they really sought to accomplish. So long as liquor remained a state question it would always be possible for the liquor interests to secure the repeal of the prohibition law or to pass laws that in some form or other nullified prohibition, but the constitutional amendment would destroy the liquor traffic root and branch.

On January 1, 1917, the doom of liquor had been pronounced, although not officially certified, and nothing that the liquor men might have done then would have saved them; had they shown more tact and done less to antagonize public sentiment earlier, it is not improbable that a compromise might have been effected. There is little that can be said in favor of the American saloon as it has been conducted during the last quarter of a century, and yet it had some merits. It was vicious, but it also had virtues.

It was the workingman's club, and it opened its doors to the despondent seeking the warmth of human companionship when the church was coldly barred. Yet it went because when the account was cast up the balance was always on the wrong side, and for that the liquor interests were responsible.

When America entered the war she was in a soul-searching mood. She was in a mood to make sacrifices and to feel the exaltation that comes from making them. Europe wanted grain, America wanted men, Americans were urged to economize, yet thousands of bushels of grain and thousands of tons of coal were being wasted, as it seemed to many people, to keep alive an industry that in itself was immoral and vicious and for which no real necessity existed. Adjacent to many large cities were huge cantonments housing thousands of men drawn from all ranks of life and from all parts of the country; the great majority young boys suddenly removed from the restraining influence of home and for the first time faced with temptation. War sent a moral wave sweeping over the country. These boys were to die if necessary, but if they lived they must be spared the knowledge of vice. To wrap an army in cotton wool seems a trifle incongruous, but it is the American way. Legislation to give the President power to create prohibition zones around camps and other military works was quickly enacted. The army and navy banned liquor except for medicinal use.

The Anti-Saloon League, as we have seen, was no tyro in politics. It was vigilant, tireless, quick to seize an opportunity. It kept its finger always on the psychological pulse. It was as nimble as a ballet dancer, as supple as an athlete, as alert mentally as an eagle on the wing, and its foe moved as heavily as an elephant, and with

elephantine intelligence relied on brute strength. The Anti-Saloon League saw that the public would give its sanction to anything that facilitated the waging of the war and that never would such a golden opportunity present itself as then existed. They began by making the District of Columbia 'dry.' The District of Columbia, except for a few outlying suburbs, is the City of Washington, over which Congress has exclusive jurisdiction.

Many members of Congress accepted the suggestion as a joke; the liquor interests began their familiar tactics of lobbying, laughing at what to them ought to have been too serious to be treated lightly. Both Houses of Congress were full of men who had been sent there either through Prohibition influence or had such a wholesome fear of its power they dare not antagonize it. The bill was passed, and Washington went dry. If a person had liquor in his house he could use it and give it to his friends, but it could not be bought at shop or saloon; it was not served at hotels or in the clubs. Washington growled a bit, and then in the American fashion accepted the edict good-naturedly.

Having won this victory the Anti-Saloon League went forward with greater determination. They secured the passage of Acts prohibiting the publication of liquor advertisements in newspapers sent by mail to dry states, and made illegal the shipment of liquor from wet to dry states. Here again the greatest ally of temperance was the stupidity and selfishness of the liquor interests. At that time men, women; and children were giving their strength and their substance to winning the war; men were offering their lives, women were working as never before, even the children were saving their pennies and learning the precious lesson of self-denial; but the liquor in-

terests remained unmoved and kept up the sordid fight for their profits.

What aroused public sentiment was the intangible feeling that liquor was linked with pro-Germanism. Many of the brewers and distillers were Germans or had German names, disclosures made from time to time showed where their sympathies lay, and while no doubt injustice was done to some of them, yet in that rough and ready way a people have of reaching an approximately correct conclusion, even although it may not stand the scrutiny of logical analysis, in the main the accusation was well founded. Sobriety and the will to victory seemed inseparable, for anyone to encourage drinking or to be the means of diminishing output by promoting drunkenness was to give aid and comfort to the enemy and be a traitor to the United States and her allies engaged in their life and death struggle. Many men who were not Prohibitionists, many men who had drunk all their lives and believed that liquor was necessary for their well-being, but to whom the winning of the war was the only thing that mattered, were willing to see the temporary enforcement of Prohibition and make sacrifices, if thereby the war could be brought to an end one day sooner.

The Anti-Saloon League understood American psychology, and the liquor interests did not. That in a sentence is the whole story. In the mood the people then were, they would willingly sanction anything that was for the public welfare. Prohibition for the duration of the war followed logically, because it saved food and coal and man power, and decreased the burden on transportation. Had the commander-in-chief of the liquor forces been a Foch instead of a Ludendorff, had he, in a word, been gifted with an instinctive appreciation of what the situation de-

manded, without which no leader is really great, he would have disarmed his enemies by voluntarily closing the breweries and distilleries, perhaps even turning some of them into manufacturing plants for military purposes.

Instead the liquor interests spent thousands of pounds advertising in the newspapers to show the dire results that would follow from prohibition; they argued that alcohol had a food value, and that grain turned into alcohol was more valuable as food than a larger quantity of grain taken as food that did not go through the intermediate process of becoming alcohol. The contest was one-sided, because prohibition could plead disinterestedness, morality, and the public good, while the liquor interests were on the defensive and could not escape the charge that they were less concerned about the public good than they were with the profits of their own pockets. War prohibition won.

Meanwhile the Anti-Saloon League had not allowed the things of the moment to interfere with what to them was the greatest thing in the world — the constitutional amendment. Every blow struck against the liquor traffic gave the Prohibitionists greater confidence in themselves and increased the temperance fervor. Defeated as the liquor interests had been, they would not concede the danger of the amendment. The emotion of war might make men do fantastic things, but that the majority of the men of the United States would deliberately banish liquor forever was impossible, and its impossibility could be mathematically demonstrated by dividing the population into drinking and non-drinking males. Similar to many other theoretical calculations, there was a factor or two overlooked. The liquor men forgot the influence of the female vote, and they still remained in ignorance of

the power of the church. They refused to be convinced until Congress adopted the amendment; with their last shred of remaining power they managed to secure the insertion of a clause providing that unless the amendment was ratified in seven years from the date of its submission it should be void, believing that it would be impossible to secure the adhesion of the required number of states in that time. Congress adopted the amendment in December, 1917, and thirteen months later, by proclamation of the Secretary of State, it became an integral part of the Constitution.

Even then the liquor men would not be convinced. They boasted the amendment would never come into effect and prepared to defy the popular will!

My purpose in writing this article on Dry America has been, not to hold a brief either for or against liquor but simply to make Englishmen understand how it came about that the United States adopted prohibition, a subject about which most Englishmen are ignorant. I have confined myself to a necessarily brief statement of facts, and in conclusion, while still allowing the facts to speak for themselves, I desire to draw attention to certain phases of the battle for prohibition which I believe will not be without interest.

Two forces, inspired by quite different motives, have united to give strength to prohibition, the one the economic force of industry, the other the moral influence of woman. It is in the last twenty years, speaking broadly, that the employers of labor have realized the uneconomic waste of liquor and have taken means to check its use among their employees. Liquor has always been consumed in large quantities in America, and the attitude of the employer toward labor was that

he had no right to interfere in the private life of his men. So long as they performed their assigned tasks it was not his affair whether they got drunk when they were not working and squandered their money or kept sober and saved.

The responsibility of capital began only when the whistle blew in the morning and ended when the factory closed for the day. A sober operative was usually a better operative, more reliable, an efficient workman; a man who used liquor was 'temperamental' and always an uncertain quantity; not infrequently a danger to himself as well as others. That danger was ever present among railway men, engineers, and signalmen especially, for they needed their full faculties unclouded, and liquor was apt to befog them. The railways, knowing they were treading on dangerous ground, began by walking cautiously and letting it be known they frowned on liquor and its use would militate against promotion. The next step naturally followed: that men holding certain positions drinking while on duty took the risk of summary dismissal — an attitude sustained by public opinion, which countenanced liquor but valued its life too dearly to entrust it to a drinking engineer or signalman.

Other employers followed along the same line for the same reason. A drunken man, or a man not necessarily drunk but with his hand not quite steady and his head still thick from the effects of liquor, might ruin a costly machine or cause the death of his fellows. Employers of labor, therefore, preached temperance and encouraged it, even if they did not practise it themselves. Men drank because of the strain placed upon them and to get relief from the conditions in which they were forced to labor, and employers felt an obligation imposed upon them to do something more than preach or

penalize. The railways, for instance, provided decent recreation and sleeping accommodation for their men, who had a place better than the saloon in which to spend their time when off duty; great industrial establishments laid the foundation for that extensive system of welfare work which is now regarded as a matter of course.

Women naturally were early and easily enlisted in the cause of temperance, because women were the chief sufferers of intemperance. The wife of the workingman who drank to excess paid heavily for her husband's weakness, and the women of that class drank very much less than the women of the corresponding class in England. It must be remembered that in America no respectable or even semi-respectable woman went inside a saloon, which was a place set apart exclusively for men, where men served and barmaids were unknown. Women who went to the less reputable places, and the women who had fallen so low that they jostled men in the dives and dramshops, were outcasts. Women in America have always been much less addicted to the use of wine or liquor than women in England. I have said that liquor was little known in the home, and women who drank in public places, in hotel dining rooms and restaurants, were, until quite recently, a rarity. It was not done because it was an offense against good taste; it was the sort of thing that a 'nice' woman did n't do and virtuous wives thought shocking. In every city there has always been a fast set — they were to be found even in the smaller places, although the pace would break no modern speed laws — and the girl who was known to drink was not considered a fit associate for other girls careful about their reputations.

One of the greatest mistakes made by the liquor interests — looking back

it seems there was no blunder of which they were not guilty — was to antagonize woman suffrage. Before votes for women became the burning question in America that it has been during the last few years, women, for the reasons already given, were naturally inclined to support temperance, but they were unorganized, it was not considered proper for them to take any active part in politics, and their influence was individual rather than that of a class.

As they came to political consciousness by being given the vote in local elections they were, in the great majority, found supporting temperance candidates; and as they pressed for suffrage on the same terms as men, the liquor interests recognized they were faced with another and a dangerous foe. They opposed woman suffrage; the women quickly found out where the attack was coming from, and they were more resolute than ever in their prohibition convictions; if woman suffrage was being fought by the liquor interests because they feared the success of woman suffrage would mean the end of the liquor traffic, it was proof incontestable that liquor was indefensible morally, and it was necessary that women should have the vote so as to bring about a great moral reform.

It has been contended by the users of liquor that the American people as a whole do not object to its moderate consumption, and were the question submitted to a *plébiscite* in such form that every man could vote No or Yes, an overwhelming majority would be cast in the affirmative; but neither the vote in Congress nor that of the State Legislatures is a fair test, as the legislators were under the terrorism of the Anti-Saloon League, and many men, weakly yielding to popular clamor, voted for the amendment, so as to square themselves with their constitu-

ents, never believing the amendment was being offered in good faith, thus being able to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds without personal inconvenience. It has further been asserted that nearly every Legislature is under the coercion of the rural constituencies, whose votes outweigh those of the large cities, and if a system of voting could be devised to amalgamate the city vote, defeat of prohibition would be complete. The argument, in short, is that if the agricultural districts want to become total abstainers no one objects, but they have no right to impose their own perverted ideas of 'morality' upon the dwellers in the cities.

There is some truth in this, but it is not the entire truth. It is true that the cause of temperance has always been stronger in the agricultural communities and the smaller towns than in the large cities, city life naturally tending to promote drinking; but I should seriously doubt the truth of the assertion that by any system of honest voting a majority could be registered for liquor. Facts prove the contrary. The cities have contributed to the 'no license' and prohibition majorities, and made it possible for prohibition laws to be enacted. Nor is it true that no large city has accepted prohibition, but has been dragooned into it by the agricultural vote.

In 1914 Denver, the largest city in the State of Colorado, rejected prohibition; in 1916 prohibition was carried by a majority of 19,000. Tacoma, one of the chief cities in the State of Washington, went wet by 2300 majority in 1914, and three years later voted dry by 10,000; Seattle, another city in the State of Washington, went wet by 15,000 majority in 1914, but it was made saloonless by the overpowering rural vote. After two years' experimentation, the same issue again

being presented to the voters, the people of Seattle voted to continue to remain dry by a majority of 20,000. Portland, the chief city of Oregon, had the same experience. Numerous other similar cases could be cited. In every instance, I believe, the chief reason prohibition was sustained was the revolt of the decent elements, irrespective of party, against the saloon in politics. If the brewers and distillers had attended to their legitimate business and not mixed business with politics they would have aroused much less resentment.

One of the curious things about the adoption of prohibition, extremely characteristic of the American temperament, is the good-natured way in which it has been accepted. Here is a business in which hundreds of millions have been invested, giving employment, direct or indirect, to tens of thousands of men. Suddenly the industry, heretofore accepted as legitimate and one of the chief sources of national and state income, is wiped out of existence, the men dependent upon it for their support are turned adrift and must seek other employment, the habits and customs of a nation, deep rooted in their heredity, are thrown into confusion. People denounce the government and Legislatures, they protest against the infringement of the liberty of the citizen, they

declaim violently at the interference with their personal rights, but beyond that they do not go. There are no riots, and the government is not overthrown.

The American turns everything into a joke. In one column the newspapers fulminate against paternalism and the tyranny of the cold water fanatics; and in the adjoining column the humorous paragrapher pokes fun at John Barley-corn. Even more strange to an Englishman is the absence of any attempt to secure compensation from the state. The cry of 'vested interests' has not been raised because it would be futile. The liquor business has been ruined and capital destroyed because the people have said it is an immoral business, but there is to be no redress. The wage of immorality is destruction.

It is an experiment America is trying — an experiment profoundly interesting to the sociological student. How it will result time alone will tell, but of one thing we can be certain, and that is, it will have a fair test, and five years hence we shall be given an opportunity of reaching certain conclusions, and being able to determine whether it was a wise experiment or an idea conceived in folly. And for that reason England should be in no hurry to follow in the footsteps of America. It can well afford to wait and see the effects of the experiment on this side of the Atlantic.

The Morning Post

# THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND AND THE PRESENT DAY

BY LORD CHARNWOOD

THE Church of England is one of the most characteristic institutions of the English people. It differs markedly, whether in its influence on national life, in the tone of religious feeling which it expresses, in its real relation to the State, or in all three, from the other 'established' Churches which exist in Europe, and in particular from the Church of Scotland, which is a Presbyterian body, and which has also claimed from the first a far greater independence of the State. It is the English institution which has perhaps on the whole received least justice in the ordinary view of history. Not only this particular Church, but the whole religious organization of the English people, is peculiar; for, side by side with the 'established' Church, England possesses independent Nonconformist Churches exceeding in vigor, and far exceeding in number, those of any other country not colonized from these shores. 'Church' and 'Dissent' jointly, sometimes in their bitter rivalry, and all the time in their largely unconscious coöperation, have been among the greatest moulding influences on the thought and character of English people.

There is also occasion just now for English laymen to air their views on the Church. While these pages are in the press, Parliament seems likely to be passing the most important project of ecclesiastical legislation which has been before it for many years (the 'National Assembly of the Church of England (Powers) Bill,' commonly

called the 'Enabling Bill'). Neither the good nor the evil which that bill may accomplish should be exaggerated, but it marks a point in a slowly developing crisis to which ordinary Englishmen should pay attention. An Englishman who is not either a clergyman on the one hand, or a fool on the other, always suffers acutely from the national malady of shyness when he expresses himself publicly on matters connected with religion. In this, as in most cases, it is a malady which should be overcome. But the present writer, though having something to say, is aware of the gaps in his knowledge, and is also sadly apprehensive that by blunt speaking he may give pain or offense to people whom he respects — some of them very deeply indeed.

It is, unfortunately, necessary to begin by explaining (for the benefit, not only of foreign, but of many English readers) some elementary points about the meaning of 'establishment' and of a 'State Church.' Our 'State Church' is not maintained by the State, but it is in large part maintained out of property given for the purpose, and in particular out of property given long ago when there was but one Church in Western Christendom. Nonconformists would accordingly claim that if the control of the State over the Church were (as they are apt to think it should be) done away, these ancient endowments should revert to the nation.

As it is, the nation governs the Church in the sense that no change

can be made in the law, by which the discipline and (subject to certain openly condoned illegalities) the ceremonies of the Church are regulated, except by Act of Parliament. The Bishops and other dignitaries, again, are appointed by the Crown on the recommendation of the Prime Minister. The parish priests are appointed by a variety of authorities or, in a vast number of cases, by private persons (sagacious Englishmen suspect that the abuses of this anomalous system come to less than the evils which they think they observe in the systems of other Churches).

Of this archaic constitution as a whole, it cannot be denied that its imperfections are many and glaring; chief among them is perhaps the slowness with which Parliament is brought to sanction needful change. Yet it cannot for a moment be alleged that the Church as a whole has, for generations past, lacked vitality; and the patent result of its constitution has been to make the Church surely responsive to the slowly moving force of lay opinion. This summary, however, must not close without reference to the somewhat complicated system of assemblies (created recently and without legal power) which include or consist of laymen. Those of them which have a national character suffer very much from the extreme reluctance of the typical church-going Englishman (at least in the hitherto influential classes) to put himself forward in ecclesiastical matters, especially outside his own parish. Their members would not claim for these bodies the weight which either an effectively representative character or any other cause might bestow upon them.

Be its constitution what it may, the Church of England has been and is the home of a memorable and distinctive

type of Christian thought and life. Without disparaging this, members of other Churches have been apt to remark that their own community owns no head but Jesus Christ, while, from the time of that in many ways undesirable monarch, Henry VIII, the Church of England has groveled under the headship of an earthly King. With great respect, this time-honored observation is a somewhat blasphemous absurdity. The Vatican and Salem Chapel (in Mrs. Oliphant's powerful and painful novel), or any other Protestant Nonconformist community, are each alike controlled by some person or persons far other than Our Lord; their control is often much less restrained and tempered than that which any King or Parliament has exercised in the Church of England; the ultimate allegiance of all Churches to no earthly King is, of course, the same.

What is true is that the Church of England, governed, as in fact all Churches are, by human beings, has from the Reformation to this day never yet been at the mercy of that class of human being which avowedly or covertly lays claim to be the embodiment of spiritual authority. The substitution of the 'Royal Supremacy' for that of Rome had really much more in it than the dirty by-ends of Henry VIII. It was in effect an insurrection, and an insurrection which had lasting success, of the ordinary lay person against despotic spiritual authority as such. The King did not attempt to place himself thereby in any position corresponding to that of the spiritual power which he had overthrown.

To a very great extent, founders of other Reformed Churches, at least the Calvinistic Churches, did set up new Papacies — new infallible systems more rigid than the old, and new sets of persons, often a good deal narrower

than the old, to interpret and enforce these systems. The historic glory and the abiding influence for good of the later or Calvinist Reformation lies wholly in the fearlessness and high aspiration of its revolt, not in the least in the doctrine or the discipline which it established. It was far otherwise with the foundation of the modern Church of England. The King (except when he was a fool) could claim no sort of infallibility; he was not a spiritual authority at all. What, as the temporal ruler, he could do was to insure for his people that their spiritual pastors and masters should know their place and their function — know the true relation between pastors who were not more, and flocks who were not less, than human.

In every ecclesiastical change that Henry VIII made (save his plundering of the Church's goods), he was necessarily dependent upon ecclesiastical advice, and, for this, policy and inclination (for we may grant him some good inclinations) made him seek, as his advisers and instruments, divines who had over his people the real authority which belongs to acknowledged learning and piety, not the false authority which can be asserted by any hierarchical machine. He did in fact turn for help to the genius (poor vacillating man though that genius may have been) to whom mainly we owe the marvelous Book of Common Prayer.

If I pursue this subject of the character acquired from the first by the Reformed Church of England a little further, I must not be supposed to ignore the darker aspects of its origin, or its later story. Much less do I ignore that the Reformation did more for us in England beyond giving its present form to the Church. Its greatest effect was, of course, to put the Bible in the hands of mere men and mere women. The next greatest, it may be, was that

the character of the English revolt from Rome conduced to the springing up of Nonconformist bodies and eventually led (slowly enough, but sooner in England than anywhere else, except the State of Rhode Island) to full toleration. It may be freely conceded that without Nonconformity the Church would be dead, but it may be submitted also that modern Nonconformists owe more than they sometimes say to the life and teaching of the Church.

To proceed, then, it has been asserted so far that the 'Royal Supremacy' meant fundamentally, not the creation of an upstart and obviously contemptible spiritual authority, but the complete abandonment of that idea of spiritual authority concentrated in particular human beings which would tend to make Christianity as petrified a thing as Mohammedanism. This was perhaps not done with full consciousness; many Churchmen from Henry VIII's time to this day have opposed and do oppose the radical denial of a final authority somewhere resident in the Church here on earth; only they have not in practice settled for us where authority lies, or demanded much in the way of blind obedience to its decrees. We must now observe something more important, which was quite consciously done, and has been quite consciously continued. The reformed English Church attached itself with reverence to the real authority of a Christian tradition, undefined and unformulated and incapable of any decisive exposition, but none the less living for that, a slowly-growing, continuously-modified thing, operative in the hearts and minds of endless succeeding generations.

The cautious and conservative procedure of the English Church Reformation, as contrasted with the enthusiastic reception of a new outpouring

of the 'truth' in Geneva or Scotland, has sometimes been spoken of with derision as if it necessarily showed cowardice or indifference. It is a sufficient and somewhat terrible reply, that the definite new 'truths,' embraced by the Puritan Reformation which followed ours, are by now immeasurably more obsolete than Rome, while the indefinite modification of old ideas effected by the Church of England endures, proceeds, and is the possession now of the whole Protestant world.

The Church of England has gone through its periods of degradation. It has often, like other Churches, been guilty of harshness and of arrogance; it has been no more exempt than they from that subtle taint of dishonesty which makes ecclesiastical history so far more revolting to the reader than civil. The adherence of the Church of England to the State — that is to the natural unsanctified community of human kind — has been a temptation to much worldliness. Its efforts after the fullest comprehension consistent with loyalty to tradition have incurred the reproach, sometimes true and more often false and cheap, of illogicality and base compromise.

Nevertheless, not to dwell on the beauty of spiritual life which has been found within it as within many another Church, all its apparent lukewarmness, and inconsistency, its retention of consecrated formulas which its own members disbelieve, its repeated refusal to accept new formulas which many of them at the time have believed, in short, its unauthoritative but traditional character, have signified, and up to date do signify, a great principle. Briefly, that principle (I am not saying that all members of the Church of England will accept it) may be thus expressed: the life of Christianity depends not on any doctrine

whatsoever, not on any disciplinary system whatsoever, but on community in mere love and veneration for the person and the spirit, however vaguely and however erroneously conceived, of Jesus Christ.

Church life, which has been largely, at any rate, based on some such sentiment or principle as this, could not be maintained without a perpetual recurrence of great internal tension. The present article is, of course, itself the expression of a tendency within the Church which many friends of the writer probably like and understand as little as he likes and understands their tendencies. But of the strong habitual leaning of the Church of England toward comprehensiveness, and of its general aversion to prematurely making new doctrinal declarations, and of its caution, even in reaffirming positions which have been stated of old in another intellectual atmosphere than ours, and against other antagonists — of all this there can be no doubt.

Matthew Arnold's great little book, *Saint Paul and Protestantism*, is the classical exposition of this fact by a detached critic. There can be equally little doubt that from this fact the Church of England has exercised a peculiarly far-reaching influence on life and thought, and has been the community in whose ministrations earnest men and women who cannot honestly adhere to the creeds of any Church, have found on the whole most help.

To-day there seems to be fresh reason for questioning whether the Church, as it has been and is, can much longer survive the tension between different schools within it upon matters latterly in dispute. Perhaps there is no longer need for a special organization preserving in the world that free view of religion to which it is

here claimed the Church of England has been a witness.

Our little systems have their day.

It may be that the purpose secured in the past by a single Church broader and more comprehensive and what is called more 'lax' than others, will be served in the future by some other agency.

Perhaps it merely requires greater mutual appreciation between bodies (the Church of England being one), which are sects rather than Churches, and each of which enjoys to the full the irresponsibility and the up-to-date liveliness of a separate self-governing society within the State — like a Trade Union, the example which the leaders of the 'Life and Liberty' movement have used to illustrate their ideal. But the school which at the time is dominant in the Church of England would themselves assuredly not wish to bring about this consummation without considering it seriously first.

Certain difficult questions, involving more fundamental principles than have been raised in former controversies within the Church, tend increasingly to create a fresh party controversy; on the other hand, it may be that they present the opportunity for enlarging the Church's life and work. Before indicating them it may be well to ask, without affecting to decide, whether the 'Enabling Bill,' now seemingly on its way to become law, tends rather toward pettier partisan agitation or toward robuster and more vigorous life. It is not in dispute that the bill aims primarily at removing a real evil — the exceeding difficulty of procuring needful legislation in Church matters. It is, however, contended that certain features of the bill are unnecessary for its purpose and are in principle objectionable.

The main thing impressed on the

mind of the present writer, in this connection, is that the group of men who are responsible for the actual shape of the bill have shown an ominous attachment to whatever in the bill was of a partisan character, and have totally neglected their opportunity of securing unanimous and lasting contentment with its provisions. Whether wise or not, their course is in no way dishonorable. Anyone who regrets their triumph must chiefly blame the indifference of persons like himself, which has left the 'good, sound Churchmen' in a position of overwhelming and perhaps slightly intoxicating predominance. But looking to the future it must be observed that, for causes already indicated, the representative system introduced by the bill is unlikely to have that truly representative character which is no doubt desired for it, and that a feeble representative system affords splendid scope for the wall-eyed partisan of ill-considered causes.

We need not conjecture anything as to the sort of causes which most promoters of the bill have further at heart, or point in a manner which might be unfair to the past action of any zealot among them. But there will certainly be endeavors to use the new 'Life and Liberty' for the purpose of narrowing the principles actually obeyed by many Churchmen to-day in two directions. Resistance will be made to the efforts to secure greater concord and coöperation between Christians of different denominations. And it will be sought to erect new barriers against the flood of New Testament criticism. On both these matters the writer may possibly be allowed to say more later. But the second cannot be left without a few further words here.

We live in a time of new knowledge and new ideas, which the cleverest of

us cannot flatter himself that he will in his lifetime digest. The slow pondering of successive generations will put them in their real place. In particular most earnest readers of the New Testament inevitably encounter new perplexities which our fathers could not have imagined if they admitted any element of truth in Christianity at all. Will it be well to tell them that to be really in the Church they must hastily adopt some unreal solution of their perplexities, or well to silence any preacher who can bring them real help in their need? This is one of the questions which the new governing body of the Church will almost certainly have to face.

Again there are the faint adherents of our own and other Churches, and there are multitudes whom a traditional 'enlightenment' has in the past kept aloof from all Churches. Upon their minds it ought now to be dawning that there is only one really foolish attitude about religion, and that is indifference; that a life without private prayer or association with others in worship is after all a maimed life for man or woman. Such people have a religious duty.

The Anglo-French Review

In practice our new Church rulers will have to consider whether the Church of England has not a duty toward them. If it has, it must lay its emphasis on what is most sure and most weighty.

One thing [it has been said] remains unaltered and unalterable. It is the approach of God to the spirit of man, and the answer of man to the Spirit of God. Of that high and ineffable intercourse the visible sacrament and the eternal symbol is the historic Jesus.

This is no doubt not all that is worth saying about God and man and their Mediator; to set bounds to the orthodox theorizing would be as bad as to set bounds to the unorthodox; and to obtrude immaterial doubts upon the unperplexed Christian is an outrage, till the unperplexed Christian turns persecutor, when it becomes a duty. Yet it should be considered whether the essence of faith be really more than the blind love, devoid of theory, which the presence of the Saviour as a person awakened in the original disciples. Doctrine may be used for the sustenance of that faith; but it may quite easily be used to quench it.

# THE THOUGHTS OF YOUTH

BY OLIVER ONIONS

THE schools were closed for measles; and because a boy about the house all day was a nuisance, Roy Vanner's aunt came into his bedroom at the top of the house as he was preparing for bed, put down half a sovereign on the corner of the dressing table, and told him to be off in the morning and not to come back again till it was spent. She had one of her mysterious 'Conferences' on the morrow, that always filled every hook and hatpeg in the hall, lengthened the dining table by three leaves, and meant improvised beds and shakedown for such of the conferrers as came from a distance. Roy did n't know what they conferred about, except that it had to do with Welfare or Rescue or Missions or something equally joyless, and that the last time they had come he had had to sleep on the floor.

'Go right away,' his aunt said. 'You can cut yourself some sandwiches in the kitchen if you like. And don't read in bed, because we've all got to be up early to-morrow.'

And she went out, leaving the boy staring wide-eyed at the coin she had put down.

He was in his stockings, shirt, and knickers, and had stood with one brace-strap over his shoulder as his aunt had talked. Half a sovereign! He doubted his eyes. Once, one Christmas, he had possessed three separate half-crowns all at the same moment, but never, never a whole gold coin all in one piece. He moved softly to where it lay, as if half afraid to touch it.

Then he became all action. From a

drawer he took a piece of paper, wrapped the coin up in it, and put it into the pouch of his belt. Then he undressed hurriedly, put on his sleeping suit, fastened the belt two holes tighter than usual about it, slipped on his jacket again, and dashed barefooted downstairs to the kitchen.

'Aunt says I may have some sandwiches,' he said.

Roast beef was cooking, to be cut cold in the morning, and there were hams and pies and oven-trays of hot tarts about. They told him they could n't be bothered to cut sandwiches at that time of night.

'But I'm going off early — five o'clock.'

'Then cut them yourself. No, no, not that new loaf! Dear, oh, dear! Ellen, is there any of that cold mutton left? Sit you down on that chair while I cut them, the bother you are — I don't suppose there's any measles at all —'

The sandwiches were cut, but Roy demanded more than they gave him. His hands were tightly clenched about his belt. He was n't going to spend golden money on sandwiches. Golden money was for golden things.

Ten minutes later he was in bed, with the light out, excitedly running over the list of his most cherished possessions and regretting that his knapsack was so small. There were no end of things he wanted to take. Finally, he had cut down the list to his map, his water-color box and sketching block, his folding stool, Shakespeare, a spare pair of stockings, the heels of which he would soap in the morning,

and as many other odds and ends, including the *Morte d' Arthur*, as could be crammed into his pockets.

Then he fell, not so much asleep, as into a sort of intermittent sub-trance from which he half woke from time to time to ease the tightened belt that contained the gold coin.

No doubt his aunt had intended that he should take a half-crown excursion ticket somewhere, sleep that night at a farmhouse, and return the next day, when the business of Missions or Rescue or whatever it was was over. But that was by no means the idea of the boy, who at half-past five the next morning, closed the door of the house softly behind him, glanced up at the drawn blinds from the end of the short laureled drive, and began to drop down a broad road to the heart of the factory town. He wore a white jersey under his jacket — his folding sketching stool was thrust through the straps of his bulging knapsack, he had a spare stocking in either jacket pocket, and his sandwiches were distributed in small parcels over half his slender person. About him hooters and 'whews' sounded, calling the shawled girls and wood-clogged men to their work; the sun made brown velvet of the smoke on his right hand, but flashed like gold on the windows on his left. His face was set north. He could have taken tram or train out of the town, but Lancelot or the Knight with the fetterlock and shacklebolt azure would not have taken train or tram. Besides, he had decided that that half-sovereign was to last him, not a day, but as near a week as he could spin it out.

He was a noisy and bright boy among the other lads of the Upper Fifth at his school, but just as happy when he was alone. Painting pictures, when you came to think of it, meant being a good deal alone, for the other

fellow could n't be expected to hang round doing nothing while he worked, and he wanted to be a painter of pictures. He wanted to paint pictures like the cavaliers, signed 'Coleman (Roma),' that he saw in the dealers' windows in the Arcade, or those others, of moors and streams and hayfields, signed with the initials 'M. R. J.' For these things, and for the glowing lines in Shakespeare and the magic of *Endymion* and the *Morte d' Arthur*, his mind was unfolding like a tree that bursts its silky sheaths in the spring, renewing the miracle of the spring before, and the one before that, and all the springs that ever were. He was just turned fourteen.

He intended to walk a mere trifle of thirty miles, or perhaps thirty-two, that day. It was, perhaps, just a little more than he had ever walked before, but he was a good walker, and had all sorts of thoughts to wile away the time. His ordinary walk was twenty miles, which meant ten miles out, a tantalizing glimpse of country yet untrodden, and, therefore, fairer than all the rest, and so home again. But this time it was not going to be like that. He had ten shillings.

He had only one light regret. He lived in the middle of the country, and the sea was out of the question. He must wait for the sea until the summer holidays came round, and even then he would be more or less attached to people who held stuffy conferences and the like.

By eight o'clock he was ascending the street of a village that was partly a country village but partly also a residential suburb of the town he had left; but by half-past nine he was breakfasting, a little late it was true, but where he had planned to breakfast — in a good grouse-butt on the rise of a well-trodden moor. He reckoned that another hour and a half's walking

would bring him somewhere near the limit of his ordinary walks, and so to the real beginning of this walk, so heaven-sent and utterly unexpected twelve hours ago. He knew the cottage he meant to go to. It had white painted windows that slid sideways, and roses over them, and an old seat in the little front garden to read Shakespeare on, and, at the bottom of the field, a brown brook for bathing that tumbled into the broad river just near where the stepping stones led to the old Abbey. He remembered also lovely hot tea, and fried ham half an inch thick, and home-made jam and pastry that melted in your mouth.

He sprang up, his eyes sparkling, buried the débris of his breakfast under the heather, shouldered his knapsack again, and pushed blithely on.

Midday found him dropping down steep jolting sheep tracks to a town with baths and wells and hydro-pathic establishments. It was a clean town, but, nevertheless, a town; but it was the last one he would see. A couple of miles out of it and he need not even tread a road. There was a path that mounted up a plantation, up and up and up, till the plantation lay below, and above was a world of jagged silvery limestone and silky bents, with thyme and potentilla and wild pansies set like jewels in it. Limestone walls, their tops all broken where the mountain sheep had jumped over them, straggled across this world, and farther on, not more than an hour or two, lay his destination. He was very proud of the dust that lay thick and white on his black boots and black stockings. His knapsack felt only a little heavy, and as he put the miles behind him he changed its position only a little more frequently. The blissful thought that he should be here — here — carried him on.

What a lot money could do if only you possessed it in sufficiently large quantities! It never occurred to him to wish that the ten shillings had been more. More could not have purchased more. He did not know, indeed, that it had not purchased and could not purchase this that he already had—his mind's innocence, his maiden health, the openness of his eyes to beauty, of his ears to the music of the world, of his heart to sudden delight. As he slowly climbed the hill, his jacket over one white jerseyed arm and his knapsack dragging on the other, he blessed all the wrong things — measles, his aunt's funereal conferences, the stranger who would occupy his bed that night, the unbroken coin in his belt. The real things passed unnoticed, undreamed of. He had always had them. Should he not continue always to have them?

Of the love that his treasured books talked about he knew nothing except what he had read in them.

He dined like a king, with Richard Cœur-de-Lion and Hotspur, Coleman (Roma), and the President of the Royal Academy for invisible company. The woman who had opened the cottage door to him had looked him up and down and had asked where his friends were, but he had not told her that these were his friends. When he had made her understand what he wanted, she had agreed to house and board him for the sum of three-and-sixpence a day. Thereupon, he had made a swift calculation. The day was Tuesday; reckoning from his first meal, he had enough, all but sixpence, to last him for two whole days as well as up to and including tea-time on Friday. That, with the day spent in getting there and a day to get back again, would be five days. For a moment he had felt inclined to bother the slight shortage that would have

made a round week of it; but now a whole chicken lay on the dish before him, with gravy, cauliflower, potatoes, and a great gooseberry pie with a jug of cream on the other side of a cruet as big as a chandelier.

Unskillfully he attacked the chicken with a table-knife, and opened his Shakespeare.

At nine o'clock a candle was brought in to a slight, white-jerseyed figure fast asleep in a horsehair chair. He had been going to look for the pool he would bathe in before breakfast, had only sat down for a moment, and could n't understand why he had fallen asleep. It was with a bent and stumbling walk that he got somehow up the narrow stairs and reached his bedroom. Afterwards he dimly remembered saying his prayers and winding up his watch.

The next morning the mere physical operation of getting out of bed took him nearly five minutes. The truth was that he had walked nearer thirty-five miles than thirty. But, of course, the stiffness would be all right after his bath. Barefooted (he had tried to get his boots on) he sought the pool. It was part of the ritual of the holiday to bathe, and he did so in a brook that must just have had an iceberg taken out of it. Then, chattering between his teeth that it was glorious, he returned to breakfast and warmth.

After breakfast he glanced across the parlor to where his sketching things lay on a chair. He refused to admit that it would be quite a horrible effort to go across the room for them. He told himself, instead, that it would be better to take a preliminary stroll before committing himself to a subject. That was at half-past eight; but it was nearly ten o'clock before, barefooted and leaning heavily on a stick he had borrowed, he had dropped down the mile of steep hillside and reached the

stepping stones that crossed the river to the Abbey.

He sat down again to knead his thighs and calves and to make careful little pressures on his feet.

M. R. J., together with most other artists, has painted that Abbey; but M. R. J. never painted anything half so lovely as the girl of thirteen who, as Roy sat, presently appeared upon the farther bank, sat down to take off her shoes and stockings, and then began the perilous passage of the stones. Not that Roy saw how lovely she was all at once. At first he saw only her dark hair and long white legs, and, purely as a matter of picture-composition, the stately old Abbey was quite able to hold its own with the approaching figure. But as she drew nearer, her arms outspread for balance, the Abbey began as it were to lose ground. What had been a landscape with a figure in it became a figure with some sort of landscape behind. A few moments later it was not even that. It was a portrait pure and simple, at which Roy could only gaze with parted lips and eyes as big and round as saucers.

The dancing water near the bank cast the light upward, so that all the shadows were turned upside down. A golden mesh of light rippled on her legs and upcaught skirt of blue serge; and the light glowed also under her chin, her brows, the soft 'M' of her upper lip, and into the recesses of the dark hair about her neck. And at the sight of her eyes the quiet old Abbey passed away from Roy's vision altogether. They looked like damsons fallen into a pot-pourri of rose-petals, big as pennies, liquid as the black pool below the stones. As she sprang to the bank he could see — for he had got somehow to his feet — a tiny fleck in each of them — his own white jersey.

The ripple from the water went; the

light became ordinary again; but the Abbey did not reappear.

Then as he looked her lips parted. Underneath that soft M, like the standard petal of a sweet-pea, the pearls appeared. She was smiling at him.

'Hallo!' she said, as if they had just come together after having been parted for a short time.

'Hallo!' he replied.

'Do you live here?'

But he had only just been able to get out that 'Hallo,' and now had a foolish stammering. Oh, he knew already what he wanted to say — that he had only just come to live there, but had lots of money and now was n't going to live anywhere else. He wanted to say that when they were married they would go on living there together, and she would always look like that, and they would live up at his cottage, and have chicken and gooseberry pie for dinner with Geraint and Enid and Coleman (Roma) and the President of the Royal Academy every day. He wanted to tell her — for it had all come upon him in one overwhelming instant — that that was quite true about knights and ladies' sleeves and tourneys and Queens of Love and Beauty. He wanted to read his thumbled old Shakespeare with her, to have those eyes and his own gray ones looking at the same words at the same moment, her glossy curls against his own fair tumbled toppin. Those were just a few of the things he wanted to say.

But 'I'm living up there, for a bit; I only came yesterday; I walked,' he said.

'All by yourself?'

'Yes.'

'How far did you walk?'

'I should think nearly thirty-five miles.'

'O-o-oh! What a lot! That's ever so

much farther than I could walk! Were n't you tired?'

'No,' he replied. He sincerely believed it. He forgot that his puffed and pink feet proclaimed that he could not yet get his boots on.

'I saw you looking at your feet. I once walked ten miles, but I was very tired.'

'Were you?' he said. 'Girls are, I suppose.'

It was the first time he had ever supposed anything whatever in the world about girls.

'And I had an awful blister,' she confessed. 'Do your feet hurt you when I touch them like that?' She stooped and put a cool palm on one of them. 'Oh, how hot! The water's made mine as cool as anything — feel!'

Already behind his bliss was a tremendous contempt for all grown-up people, except Shakespeare and a few others who wrote books. Presumably they knew all about this huge thing that had just happened to him, but yet they found time to hold conferences about other things. He must be mistaken. They could n't know about it. Only he, Shakespeare, and a few others knew about it.

'And shall you walk back again?' she asked. They had sat down, and her cool hand was again on his hot and bruised foot.

'Rather!' he replied.

'What is your name?'

'Roy Vanner.'

'Mine's Mildred. Mildred Lake. We've taken the rectory behind the Abbey there for a month. Father's gone fishing, and mother's busy. Why don't you come and sit on the stepping stones and waggle your feet in the water so they'll be cool?'

He nearly fell in the attempt, but her back was toward him so that it did not matter. They had to cross seven

or eight stones before the water became deep. Then she sat down on one stone and he on the next, facing her. The rushing water was dark as ivy berries, and swirled and gurgled and made bubbles like soda-water about their legs.

'Do you go to a nice school?' she asked.

'Not bad. But I want to be an artist and paint pictures.'

'Oh, how lovely! Would you paint me?'

Shyly he replied, 'No.' How could anything so adorable be painted?

'I'm going to a school in the south soon, where my cousin Marjorie is,' she informed him. 'She's seventeen.'

Borne down on the stream toward them came a spray of meadowsweet. Her foot cornered it against the moss of the stone on which she sat. He plunged in his hand and secured it.

'May I have it?' he asked.

'Yes, if you like.'

'No, I mean you give it to me,' he said, holding it out to her. And his voice was husky and the heart beneath the white jersey beat violently and his face was a deep brown red as he added, 'Will you kiss it?'

She put the wet fragrant spray to her lips. 'There!' she said.

'Would you kiss me?'

She sought for a better hold on the stone. 'I don't think I could reach without slipping off ——'

But she managed to reach. Then, when she had kissed him, 'I think I ought to be going now,' she said. 'I'm going with mother to Kirkley this afternoon.'

His heart fell like a stone.

'Oh! Shan't you be here?'

'Mother's ordered the trap. She's going shopping. I said I wanted to go with her.'

'Oh, Mildred, don't go! Anyway,' he added dejectedly, 'I shall come down here.'

He meant that he would n't be able to help it. Though he were to set off north, south, east, or west, with no matter what resolution to sketch, his feet would drag him there.

She did not go to Kirkley that afternoon after all. She was at their meeting-place at a little after two o'clock, by which time he had lunched, or rather dined, with Enid and Rosalind and Juliet for company, all carrying their shoes and stockings in their hands and dressed in navy blue serge. He had seen the dust of a trap on the Kirkley Road as he had hobbled down to the river again.

'I told mother I should go and look for father,' she announced as she sprang from the last stone. 'I've got a lot of cherries. Come along if your feet are better. Shall I hold your hand?'

Hand in hand they sought the bank path to the woods.

Busy grown-up people who wile away a quarter of an hour's wait for dinner or a train by reading this story—do you remember? Have you traveled so far through life without some such memory behind you? If not, though there was 'nothing in it'—no more than is written here—you will forget many things before you forget that. The sudden smell of hay that sometimes surprises you through your absorbed thoughts, that sweep of rolling moor that bursts on your preoccupied eyes as you gain the last top—do they not evoke some slender figure, clad in a white jersey or what-not, that far-off innocent ghost that once was you? Has the long chain broken that links your plenteous picnic basket on the coach-top or your luncheon laid out in the clearing with those sticky mutton sandwiches or those cherries put into your mouth by a large-eyed child? And when you think of love, and see lovers about you, what kind of a love

is it if it falls so very, very far below that first kiss on a mossy stepping-stone or that hand-in-hand walk through the beechwoods in June?

And do you remember how you had it, the whole three-days' immortality of it for just ten shillings?

They walked, those two children, your parents-in-love, she with her arm sometimes about him to steady him over the rougher places, past glades of campion and stitchwort and fern, or on the hot slippery bents gemmed with the wild pansies and thyme. They paddled in pools where the moss made soft bolsters for his feet. They tried (but failed) to get near the red deer, and turned up the leaves of the hazels to see how the nuts were ripening. Their teeth were blue with the stain of bilberries, and laughing they compared indigo tongues. They kissed often. He had bound her hair with an old snake skin he had found, and he talked a lot of nonsense of ladies' sleeves and Queens of Love and Beauty. She had promised never to marry anybody else, and he was going to practise his painting ever so hard and be a Royal Academician. She wore his ring. It was made of a bit of old rabbit-snare with a forget-me-not in it, that he renewed every time they came to a patch of the flowers by brook or marshy patch. Twenty times a day he said, and made her repeat after him, 'I love you.'

'And you will write me letters at my school, won't you?' she asked.

A little scruple popped up that he had tried to keep under. It was not about writing letters to her at her school, but about not writing them to her at her home. They were engaged, of course, but they could not be 'really' engaged without some sort of regard to her home.

'I ought to see your father,' he said with a show of boldness.

'Oh, he might be cross!'

'But it will be years and years before we are married, and he can't be cross all that time.'

'I don't think mother would be quite so cross,' she ventured.

But no. He insisted that it must be her father. This was an affair between man and man.

Between the days spent with her and the nights when he crept into his bed at the cottage up the hill there was, for bliss, very little difference. In some golden state that was neither sleep nor waking, he went over it all again and again, every look of her eyes, every word she had spoken. And then, on the Thursday night, he got into bed remembering that that was the last night he was to sleep there. His ten shillings would give him tea on the morrow, and after that.

A flood of cold misery overwhelmed him.

The place was just within the 'nightingale-line,' and that night a brute of a bird sang.

By morning he had taken a resolution. It was a hardy one, and hurt him afresh somewhere in the breast every time he thought of it, but it could not be escaped. He must see her father about their being 'properly' engaged.

And (as was bound to happen) that morning she did not appear at their trysting-place. Some accident or bidding kept her within doors. He was in an agony. Unless she appeared in the afternoon that meant that he would not see her again to say good-bye to.

He dared not go back to the cottage for dinner for fear of missing her. At three o'clock she had not appeared, at half-past three there was still no sign of her.

And that settled it. Four o'clock found him knocking at the front door of the rectory, behind the Abbey and asking for Mr. Lake.

He was put to wait for Mr. Lake in a dark and pleasant drawing room with many silver objects on the tables and a mirror on the wall that reflected the gray stones of the ruined refectory outside. A tall man in tweeds entered, and he rose.

'Have you brought those May flies?' the tall man asked.

'No,' said Roy, swallowing hard.

'Are n't you the boy who went for the May flies? What is it, then?'

Roy's resolution that this was solely a man's affair suddenly failed him.

'Please may Mrs. Lake come in too?' he said. 'I want to be engaged to Mildred, please.'

The tall man's mouth opened wide, and then suddenly he frowned. Roy thought he knew what the frown meant. He felt guilty at having been un-really engaged to Mildred for more than two days without saying anything to anybody.

'Who are you?' Mr. Lake demanded, and then, without waiting for Roy to answer, he strode to the door and called, 'Caroline! Come here at once. What's all this about?'

A graceful lady, too like Mildred to be anybody but her mother, entered the drawing room.

'Now, what do you say, boy?' demanded Mr. Lake.

Ten minutes later Mr. Lake had gone out again. Most of what he had said had not been addressed to Roy at all, but to his wife. Roy had heard the words 'Running wild all over the place — picking up heaven knew who — apparently a man could n't have a quiet day's fishing without something or other happening — the sooner she went to school the better.'

He had not even looked at Roy as he had gone out.

But Mrs. Lake was looking at the

The King's Highway

tearless figure in the white jersey and bare feet. Suddenly she approached him.

'He did n't mean it all, dear,' she said gently. 'You'll understand some day. Now you can't possibly walk back home — why it's enough to kill a strong man! — so I'm going to give you your railway-fare and send you in the trap to the station. Look, here's five shillings. You will do as I say, won't you?'

It was a mistake to speak gently to Roy just then, but he swallowed the choke.

'No, thank you, if you don't mind,' he said.

'But I shan't let you go. I'm going to wire to your people at once. They must be horribly anxious; why you've been away nearly a week! Now,' and she put her arm about the boy and drew him to her, 'will you do as I say if I'll do something you want very much?'

'What, please?' Roy managed to get out.

For answer Mrs. Lake got up and walked out of the room.

A minute later the door opened again and Mildred stood there. She ran to him.

'Oh, dearest!' she said, as he had taught her. 'Mother says only a quarter of a minute — father's so cross — good-bye —'

She put up her face to be kissed.

But Roy broke his implied word to Mrs. Lake after all. He had had no dinner, and could n't have eaten any tea, but they could have his ten shillings at the cottage.

And as at the cottage, so at the rectory. A maid, coming in presently with tea, found, among the silver and bric-a-brac on a little table, two half-crowns lying side by side.

QUITE, QUITE

I HAVE decided at last upon a profession. I am going to set up as a quorister.

It had been a busy morning with me at the office, and I felt annoyed at first on being interrupted. I had been engaged for about twenty minutes in preparing a draught by putting the office copy of the *Times* over the fireplace, where two lukewarm pieces of coke had been laid. I had just got them to spark nicely when the paper suddenly went up with a loud roar into Victoria Street by way of the chimney. The only thing to do was to paste the edges of a number of spare minute sheets together in order to form a substitute, and I was just accomplishing this when Enderby burst in.

'You're wanted at once in Room 1005,' he said.

'What for?' I asked nervously and gluing myself rather badly on the left sleeve.

'The committee are sitting,' he said; 'you've got to make a quorum.'

'I'm awfully sorry,' I said, 'but I never got beyond quadratic equations; besides —'

'It's perfectly easy,' he told me; 'you've to take Anderson's place. You'll only have to sit there and say nothing and look wise. The secretary will introduce you as acting for Mr. Anderson.'

'Lend me your spectacles and your spats, then,' I stipulated.

He did so, and when I had adjusted these I went down immediately to a long dark room, in which several kind-looking and sleepy old gentlemen and one extremely young and alert one sat about a table covered with green baize and furnished with more pink blotting-paper than I had ever seen before in the whole of my life.

As soon as I came in I was intro-

duced to the chairman, and the alert young man began to read out in a quick clear voice a number of entirely unintelligible sentences, and every time he stopped for breath the chairman looked round rather timidly and said, 'I think we all agree with that, gentlemen.' Thereupon the old gentlemen frowned a little over their spectacles and said, 'Quite, quite,' and I frowned a little over Enderby's spectacles (it is, as a matter of fact, extraordinarily hard to frown under them), and kicked my spats with each toe in turn to make sure they were there and said, 'Quite, quite,' too.

Every now and then I felt an irresistible temptation to say, 'Quack, quack,' but I checked it in time, feeling somehow that it was better to follow the normal procedure. By degrees something about the authoritative manner or the sonorous quality of my 'Quite, quite's' made such an impression that one by one the old gentlemen began to leave off quite-quiteing and relinquish the whole business to me. And when, toward the end of the meeting, I was able to produce a box of matches and light the cigar of the old gentleman on my right and the cigarette of the old gentleman on my left, it was clear that they regarded me as a man of profound administrative capacity and skill in worldly affairs.

It was after this that I made my momentous decision. I am about to rent an office and engage a typist with gold hair and gray suede shoes and a bag with a powder-puff in — a typist of the kind that makes tea at eleven o'clock in the morning and three o'clock in the afternoon, and spells 'customary' with an 'e'; and I am going to put a brass plate outside the door with 'H. Jenkinson, Quorister' engraved upon it, and underneath this, 'Business, professional, and political quora ready-made or bespoke.' And

people will ring me up on the telephone or write letters to me asking me to make a quorum, and the letters will be filed by the quorum and I shall go out and make quora and charge two guineas a time.

I am well aware that at first I shall have a good deal of opposition to encounter. People will say that I cannot sit on committees of which I am not a member. But when one thinks of the number of cold mornings when it is nice in bed, or of bright mornings when it is nice in the country, the advantages of having a professional quorum-constituter always ready to oblige will soon become clear. I shall attend and hand in my card with the name of the member I am representing underneath it to the clever and competent young secretary, and, as soon as the meeting has started, the perfect timbre of my 'Quite, quite' will reassure any malcontent there may be; and, if any member does lodge an objection, I shall frown at him a little over my spectacles, which will not be Enderby's but my own, and rimmed with the most expensive tortoiseshell.

And in time, perhaps, I shall establish quoristry as a profession and obtain a charter for it, and there will be schools in which students and associates will be taught to wear spats and to say, 'Quite, quite,' in a properly authoritative manner, and nobody will have to go to committees at all, except the chairman and the alert young secretary and a quorum of quite-quitters from the Associated Institute of Quoristers. And the fees of members who have advanced in the profession will of course become higher and higher. Men such as these will attend only very important committees and will be able to say, 'Quite,' with an intonation so perfect that it will go far toward settling the doubts of a deputation of bargees and lightermen. I

reckon that our fees for a Cabinet Meeting will be about a hundred guineas.

Punch

## THE CLASSICS FOR THE NURSERY

BY REBECCA WEST

No parent whose memory goes back to the pinafore age will buy this new edition of *Tanglewood Tales*\* that Messrs. Blackie have issued, for it has been edited most grown-uppishly. W. K. L., who was surely born in a state of middle-age, announces in a prefatory note that he has compressed 'some of the exuberantly full diction of the original text,' forgetting that in those days we might be bored by piousness, but never by prolixity. So long as it was the right kind of story, with courage flashing bright weapons under dark towers and villainy working a twenty-four-hour day, we did not mind how long it took in the way. In those days we would read the worst and dullest Dumas as nowadays we could hardly read the best, and Eugène Sue's *The Wandering Jew*, which it is inconceivable that any adult could now get through except in prison, seemed the most fluent and colored of stories.

Most modern children's books are actively hostile to this tendency of the child mind and give these sharp little mental teeth the softest of predigested pap. And the mischief done leaves its mark on literature, for the child brought up on the standard British 'juvenile gift-book' about a little girl who goes into a wood and falls asleep and dreams of insipid fairies, certainly grows up into the Tired Business Man. It is, therefore, a shame, a serious

\* *Tanglewood Tales*. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. 'Blackie's Library for Boys and Girls.' Blackie, 256 pages. 1s. 9d. net.

shame, that Hawthorne, who had the ideal manner of story-telling, who was long-winded and yet always carried the undimmed lamp of fancy so that the child knew that it must keep on listening or lose something fine, should be forcibly brought into line with the modern superstition of infant fatuity.

But that is not the only blemish on this edition, for 'The American setting of the tales has been omitted as needlessly local in color for other readers,' and that is a great pity. Not only were the spectacled student who told the tales, and Periwinkle and her play-fellows (each with an entrancing name) who listened to them, the very pleasantest of company, and the woodland rambles so prettily described that they overcame the infant aversion from descriptions, but they were also of historical and literary value because they were introductions to a continent which has passed away, and now exists only in literature. From the setting of *Tanglewood Tales* and from *Little Women*, and to a certain extent from *Melbourne House* and *The Wide Wide World* and *The Lamplighter* (although the infant mind could see that the authors of these latter works were pious humbugs and given to the disingenuous moral babble that one accepted as the grown-ups' harmless favorite sin), one became acquainted with Lincoln's America.

It enlarged the view from the nursery window by presenting a world of children who spoke English and who yet lived in a place entirely different from England with a difference that did not consist, as one understood that foreignness usually did, of palms and a climate salubrious for pirates. This world had a tart and pleasant flavor like the cranberries that its inhabitants were so constantly gathering. It was a world less easeful than the one we knew, and lacking in its sentimen-

tal furniture. Here there was no 'big house,' no vast sleek parks, no young heirs riding about on ponies, no heiresses with golden curls and mobs of nurses and governesses, no saintly children doubly gilded with piety and the inheritance of great possessions. Here children were brought up in a uniform atmosphere of comfortable thrift by grown-ups who seemed to have a prejudice against expenditure on moral grounds; who would refuse to buy a child an expensive doll, not, like the parents of real life, because they could not afford it, nor, like the parents in *Rosamund* and that order of book, because they felt it their duty to thwart children whenever possible, nor because the money ought to go to the mission box, but because they had a feeling that luxuries like dolls ought not to be expensive.

But they turned the children out in their plain merino gowns with the most tremendous gifts of the more precious luxury of liberty into the unenclosed New England woodlands, where one could n't help observing other attractive differences. They never came to the old parish church with the lych gate where (in English children's books) some member of the virtuous poor lay in wait for the nice child's pocket money. Indeed, there was nothing more delightful in this other continent than the total absence of the virtuous poor. Certainly there was poverty, but it was relieved summarily, dealt with quickly and cleverly as these sober, efficient people would have dealt with a case of sickness; and as to there being a class of naturally inferior people over whose sufferings the child's pitiless and egotistical mind should be taught to droop insincerely there was never a whisper.

Yet morally these American children did not have an easy time. They seemed to find the formula of truth

and obedience not nearly adequate to solve all the problems of personal relationships and they were always setting their consciences to work. But they were bright-eyed and adventurous children all the same, who had the jolliest larks in the New England woodlands, and were not without more serious ambitions. *Little Women* continues decade after decade to triumph over the modern story about girls' boarding-school life with its pother about hockey matches and German governesses simply because Miss Alcott gave a proper place in her picture to the ambitions of adolescence.

Children will never get tired of these New England story tellers. Of course they could not talk nonsense. It took an Englishman to write *Alice in Wonderland*; and if a New Englander had written *The Water Babies* it would have ended with the disappearance of the little chimney-sweep into the stream. But they gave children the happiest picture of a Golden Age in which there was too much of nothing and enough of everything — in which Puritanism mellowed by prosperity kept the world bare and simple for children, yet warmed it well with kindness. And when one grows up and realizes that that Age has passed forever, one's knowledge of it constantly shows itself relevant to the affairs of to-day. It cannot give us any pleasure that Periwinkle's appetite for moral homiletics was the first threat that a continent would arise that would submit to the oratory of William Jennings Bryan: but after all it was also a sign that when she and her play-fellows grew up they would become characters in the Novel of Conscience.

An enthusiasm for the works of Henry James is so often a characteristic of a disagreeable mind that one hesitates to recommend anything that prepares the child mind for its de-

velopment; but indeed the reading of these children's stories is the very best preparation for the understanding of Mr. James's *International Situation*, with its conflict between honest, unsophisticated America and lax, sophisticated Europe, as well as for the full enjoyment of the angular grace of Mr. William Dean Howells's early works. Periwinkle's descendants indeed have peopled most of the best work in American fiction down to to-day, when Edith Wharton seems to have worked the tradition to a close. And American history is only an attempt to explain how others of Periwinkle's descendants suffered an alarming change, and became the characters of Mr. Robert W. Chambers's novels and the neighbors of Mr. Upton Sinclair's *Jimmie Higgins*. Yes, it is a pity to have robbed *Tanglewood Tales* of its New England setting.

But how good the stories are even without it! The classical legends must be introduced somehow into the infant mind if it is not to spend the rest of its life tripping up over literary allusions. And Hawthorne was the very man to do it. He was a great artist, although he was sodden with the didacticism which made him sketch the plot of a fantasy in his notebook and add to it 'the whole to be made symbolical of something'; and that failing does not matter here, for children love an honest prig. There could not be invented a prettier story nor a more persuasive lesson in manners than his *Philemon and Baucis*. And 'the Gothic or romantic guise' which he admits having given to the legends, and which turns Proserpina's playmates into sea nymphs plainly out of Hans Andersen, is the very thing for children, who still love color more than form, and fancy more than imagination.

He was on the right lines too in refusing to mitigate altogether the hor-

rors of his originals, and giving children, who always love the terror that has to be braved and the monster that has to be slain, the shuddering joy of the Gorgon's head and the Minotaur. In every way he is a lesson to the modern writer of 'juvenile fiction' who works under the delusion that his business is to peptonize the world for the child mind.

The Athenæum

## ON THE MANIFESTATIONS OF GENIUS

BY ST. JOHN ERVINE

I LATELY read an entertaining novel by Mr. Somerset Maugham, entitled *The Moon and Sixpence*, in which a demand is made upon the credulity of the reader which is not easily satisfied. Mr. Maugham asks his readers to believe that a man can lead a commonplace and insignificant life as a stock-broker until he reaches the age of forty, and then, under a compulsion which is not made acceptable to the intelligence, develop into a painter of genius so rare that it is not recognized by anyone, except a Dutchman, until after his death. Even then, when the least of his pictures 'fetches' fifteen hundred guineas, his genius is not easily identified by men of taste.

Mr. Maugham insists that his stock-broker had never manifested any of the signs of genius until he had reached the age of forty. His behavior up to the time he achieved that difficult and wayward age had been so dull and without distinction that visitors to his house were barely aware of his existence. His wife, who had some acquaintance with men of quality, allowed it to be known that he was a quiet, humdrum person who was so embarrassed by the presence of distinguished or partially-distinguished people that he

could not bear to sit in the same room with them. On the few occasions on which they encountered him he made no impression whatever on them. His wife and son and daughter were so unaware of the demon within him that they could not believe he had bolted from them to paint pictures in Paris; they believed the worst.

The blooming time of genius is not a fixed period. A man may become a great poet so early in life as Shelley and Keats, or a reputable novelist so late in life as William de Morgan; and I am not denying that Mr. Maugham's character could have lived to the age of forty without painting pictures of genius, nor am I denying that he could have died without general recognition of his quality. Some men of genius flower early in life, some flower midway through their lives, and others flower late in life; and sometimes a man of peculiar genius, such as Synge, will seem to be a fool to those who slightly know him. When Mr. Yeats advised Synge to leave Paris and go to the Aran Isles he did so, not in the belief that Synge was a dramatist of strangely individual character,—for Mr. Yeats did not then see any quality at all in Synge,—but because that was an *obiter dictum* that he would have offered to anyone who happened to be listening to him. It was simply the whim of the moment that caused Mr. Yeats to send Synge to Aran and not to Bloody Foreland Point. In another mood, Mr. Yeats might have urged him to stay in Paris!

But I do deny that any man of genius can live in this world for forty years without manifesting in some way the quality of his spirit, even if he has not expressed it in definite work. I do deny that it is possible for a man of genius to pass out of the world unrecognized by any save one man. A man of genius, even during the period

when his quality is dispersed or incoherent, displays some sign of the stuff that is inside him if he only does so in the shape of peculiar behavior or a twisted form of speech. Indeed, during the period of incubation a man of genius is more likely to manifest the signs of his unique individuality than he is in the period of development and achievement; he conforms more closely to the common rule when he is on the pinnacle than he does when he is at the base. Mr. Yeats looked like a character in *Patience* in the days when no one had ever heard of Mr. Yeats, but in these days, when his genius is universally recognized, he dresses in no more notable manner than the rest of us dress.

Unassembled genius invariably expresses itself in divergence from the normal habit, but when the genius has been assembled it conforms to the normal habit, so far as it is convenient to do so, simply because conformity in minor, unimportant things sets the man of quality free for contests in major and fundamental things. The man who conducts a revolt against silk hats and evening dress at the age of twenty may be a man of unassembled genius, but if he is still conducting that revolt at the age of thirty his genius begins to be dubious, and if he continues to conduct it at the age of forty he is merely a fool; for the measure of a man of genius is not the degree to which he revolts against the common things of existence, but the degree to which he utilizes them and presses them into his service.

Mr. Maugham would have us believe that his hero made no manifestation of his unique quality until the day on which he abandoned his wife and children and fled to Paris to paint pictures, and I suggest to Mr. Maugham that he is asking us to believe something which is totally untrue.

St. Paul went to Damascus in one mood and returned in another. The process of change was certainly dramatic, but St. Paul was a man of notable character before he went to Damascus. The story of his conversion does not deal with a man of utterly insignificant nature who suddenly and miraculously becomes a man of unique significance; it deals with a man who had a high spirit and manifested it from the beginning of his career. Miss Cavell was always Miss Cavell, although it was not until the Germans made her known to the world that the world was aware of her, and the spirit of that plain and simple Christian lady was as stout and unyielding in the days when she was an unknown nurse as it was on the day when she was shot. Those who knew her must have known that she had the capacity to do what she did even if she were never called upon to do it.

Those who knew St. Paul before he became a Christian must have known that he had the quality of leadership. Those who knew Synge intimately must have known that he had some strange and unique power, although they might not have been able to say in what way that power would be exhibited. I suggest to Mr. Maugham that if his hero was the man of genius he invites his readers to believe he was, then it was utterly impossible for him to conceal that genius from the eyes of his intimates.

There are no 'mute, inglorious Miltons,' although there are many inglorious persons who imagine that they are Miltons. A Milton may be 'inglorious' for a period, but he is never 'mute' for a moment. Even the inglorious persons who imagine that they are Miltons, when they would be much better employed as haberdashers, are never mute. They are, as a rule, more articulate than the Miltons, for they put into their tongues

what they are unable to put into their pens. The problem of society in dealing with men of genius is not how to encourage them, but how to keep them in order. It is probably true that in a disorganized nation the average intelligent man, if he be reared in poverty, will fail to rise to his level, but it is equally true that the man of genius, however harsh his circumstances may be, will find his level as certainly as water does.

I join issue, too, with Mr. Maugham when he invites me to believe that a man of genius can die without any recognition save that of one man. Every man of genius has his guard of honor, composed, like the King's guard, of picked men, and that guard of honor is usually strong enough to compel attention of some sort from the generality of men. Meredith, according to Mr. S. M. Ellis, complained almost to the end of his life of the indifference of his countrymen, but Meredith had a guard of honor of the most distinguished men of his time. If Mr. Hutton, of the *Spectator*, frowned heavily on *Modern Love*, there was compensation surely in the praise and devotion of Swinburne and Rossetti and John Morley. I doubt whether any man of genius has failed to raise a strong troop of devoted followers.

General recognition is slowly accorded to a great man, and this is very natural, for a man of genius is conducting, or proposing to conduct, the generality of men to a stage of thought or feeling to which they are strange, and the common man will not yield himself to a leader until he has learned to trust him; but although general recognition is slow in coming to the man of genius, the particular recognition of acute-minded men comes to him very soon, if not immediately. If Strickland, the artist in Mr. Mau-

gham's novel, had been the great painter his creator claims him to have been, he would certainly have attracted to him a group of admirers who would in time have compelled the world to pay heed to him.

Men of genius are not neglected, nor do they die of starvation. They decline either to be ignored or to perish from lack of food. They insist on receiving tribute from the crowd, and they demand not merely the necessities of life, but in some cases the luxuries of life. Wagner complained constantly of the lack of money, but Wagner was never poor. What he demanded was, not enough to live on, but more than enough to live on. The legend that Meredith lived on the contents of a sack of oatmeal while he wrote his masterpieces is pure myth. He was particularly addicted to the pleasures of the table and could not have written his books on a diet of oatmeal. His letters are full of references to food and wine, and, like Dr. Johnson, he contemplated writing a cookery book. He had the capacity, which every man of genius has, of being highly interested in the most ordinary things.

It is your third-rate person who is not interested in food and drink and the common things of life. Your man of genius demands that these things shall be so attended to that he can appreciate them at their best. Moreover, since eating and drinking are necessary to all of us, he wishes them to be done in such a way that he shall not be diverted from his job by complaints of the clumsy and insufficient arrangements for them. Herbert Spencer complained of the stupid spouts that manufacturers put on jugs — so that it is impossible to pour liquid out of them without spilling it — and he went to the trouble to invent a paper-fastener because he was dissatisfied

with those in common use. A third-rate person would have been much too superior to think of such things.

And, since a man of genius takes particular pains to get sufficient food, well cooked and well served, and is unwilling to suffer any more discomfort than he can help, he contrives to find the means to satisfy his desires. In other words, he succeeds in getting enough money to keep him in decency, and sometimes in luxury. He would not be a man of genius if he did not succeed in doing so.

The Manchester Guardian

## DUBLIN

BY JAMES STEPHENS

WHEN we are asked to resume a man or a city or a philosophy in a couple of phrases our vanity is gratified at the idea that we are considered capable of such a feat, and we are thus enabled to discover in an instant a formula which will survive at least an instant. There is scarcely anything so interesting as these generalizations, and scarcely anything so untrue, for they contain inevitably a disparagement, and are based on the sound assumption that our friends do not care to hear anything praised except themselves.

But there are some things so large, or so important that there is nothing to be said about them at all. Thus 'London is the largest city in the world,' or 'New York has skyscrapers' is the limit of information which the traveler is willing to advance about these monsters; but Paris or Edinburgh or Seville are small enough to be comprehended, and large enough to talk about. Someone has said that there are but two things to be seen in Dublin — the Phoenix Park and Mr. George Russell. It is a hard saying,

and it is true only in this, that Dublin is less an aggregation of buildings than a collection of personages.

After all, the statement that is to be made of any city can be made of any other which is of equal antiquity. To the unsympathetic traveler of an elder day Dublin was not so much a city as a smell. When he saw the word Dublin he remembered the River Liffey and red herrings. But the man who wishes to recall pre-war Paris can sniff similarly backward, and his unerring nose will twitch to the smell of taxicabs and coffee, while London may be identified by him in an odor of cloth and buns.

Time flies, and Dublin can no longer be looked at by the nose. A main drainage system has exorcised the Liffey, and the red-herring basket is as scarce as that of the cockle-seller of old, a legend now, or the more distant hokey-pokey-a-penny-a-lump man, who is not even believed in by children. It is by the eye that Dublin must now be seen. Mr. George Moore, to whom our city is dearer than he knows, once said that Dublin is a city of small green parks, set in wide red squares and both enclosed in a gray silence, and he quoted with approval the line of some poet about some place, 'A rose-red city half as old as time.' It is for those green parks, those red squares, and that silence that Dublin is notable; but it is because of her inhabitants that she is unique.

Where but in Dublin will you meet the author of a ballad in a thousand limericks, each verse of which is better than the last by the sheer merit of being worse; or the scholar who could have been a saint but that he preferred to be a wit, and is jeopardizing even that by a lust for the concertina; or the dramatist who marches thinly, the very wraith and apparition of himself solid only by his boots? There is the distinguished nobleman who looks like

the Wild Man from Borneo, and the other distinguished gentleman who looks like a pair of spats. Mr. Yeats will pass like something that has just been dreamed into existence by himself, and for which he has not yet found the precisely fantastic adjective. 'Æ' will jog along, confiding either a joke or a poem into his own beard, the sole person in the street who is not aware that he is famous. You will sometimes see Mr. Bernard Shaw, hurrying as though to explode himself into the bath he has just been exploded out of. There is always a distinguished stranger to be seen. You may discover Mr. Chesterton rolling by like a towed cab, and he in an agony of concentration as of one who is thinking of a loose tooth or a lost pun, or Mr. Bennett marching sturdily like a note of interrogation set in a halo of asterisks. Young New-Age men look at Dublin as if they were examining a mule, which they intend to describe as an ass, and the *New Statesman* sees us without believing.

In other cities bores are tolerated, but in Dublin they are encouraged, they are collected, and, like the fool who, if he persisted in his folly, would become wise, so the Dublin bore by sheer persistence has become not only beloved but quotable. Fear prevents one from naming them, and the terror that they might blush to know their fame restrains one also.

Returning to Dublin after a long absence in larger capitals one is haunted by the apprehension that for the old city any comparison will be odious; a fear akin to the idea of finding out something about one's mother afflicts one. The solitary, concentrated passenger on the rockety steamer is not really chewing his moustache; he is ruminating the memory of the capital which he has not seen for a couple of years, and wondering will it be as bad

as someone has said, or will it be worse, and he hopes if it is to be bad that it will be worse. For the emigrant returns with a greater curiosity about his own city than he gives to any other capital he drifts into and out of. There he is rooted, not only in the superficial sense of family, but the large phases of history are about him, and the tugs of a whole race are at his heart. Man is not your brother or your enemy or anything else in a foreign land; he is scarcely human, but he is all those and all else when you get home again.

Coming back one discovers that London is noisy, tumultuous, unneighborly; and that Paris is tawdry and pretentious. That the great cities are over-feminized, over-dressed, shrill, gesticulating, and vulgar; they exist only for purposes of pleasure, and are organized, as a theatre is, for publicity; and the revenge of publicity is to make everything look like everything else, as the revenge of pleasure is boredom.

Driving from the station you look eagerly down the first Dublin Street, and discover with a shock that it is empty. There is nobody in it but yourself. You turn a corner and the next street is as empty as the first. You wonder how three hundred thousand inhabitants can be invisible, and you begin to realize the city that exists in a trance and will not awaken until the coming of the merchant's son. The city has gone underground as the fairies did in the old stories, and it will not reappear until there are no more bayonets in her streets, and nothing more to be frightened of.

Once, before the electric trams came, Dublin seemed a noisy city; a city of cobblestones and of mighty horses that clashed sparks out of the same cobbles. Carriage horses, dray horses, outside-car horses (the foreigner calls them 'side-cars,' but the inhabitant

would be ashamed of himself if he referred to them otherwise than as 'outside cars'). The city neighed in those days; it snorted and whinnied; it champed on its bit; it jingled brazen harness; it tossed its nose-bag in the air to shake the last oat from the southernmost recess of the bag; about its ears were birds innumerable; birds popped and hopped under its legs, winning the easiest existence that fate has vouchsafed to feathers. There were jehus in charge of the gorgeous monsters and they were marvelous as their own horses; purple-chapped, spiky-jowled, wide-smiled, hard-eyed, imperturbable ancients; caparisoned, not clothed, in frieze many-caped coats, balancing hard shiny hats on one side of their heads and with huge hairy chilblainy hands. They chewed tobacco, their mouths were all to one side and they had great yellow teeth, two of which wobbled. A nose-red city half as old as time. In the fanlight over every door there were small plaster horses with one leg up, with both ears cocked, with interrogative manes. The city was on tiptoe, it was alert, vivid, it was a sparkling eye, it was a hoof! But conversation languished under the menace of those thudding, deeply-whiskered fetlocks. Dublin was a silence in a tempest, as it is now a solitude in a multitude.

The electric trams came and a new era: that Dublin is as remote as the Stone Age. The horses disappeared, the birds are searching vainly elsewhere for a like city of nose-bags, a city of dream. Only here and there will you now see a plaster horse in a fanlight; and Dublin, silent under the dashing of those hoofs, has not yet recovered from the silence they had forced upon it. The streets then were thronged, men and women went out then to look at the horses, to drown themselves in the uproar and menace

of the horses, and to this day the Dublin people do not speak in the streets, but they talk much in private and are the most voluble race of silent people that the world has ever known.

Professor Macallister considers that the prehistoric Irish totem was a horse, and perhaps Dublin is yet mourning her vanished steeds, for to this day her people do not use the streets for any social purpose except funerals.

It is a haunted city also. The ear of a stranger, halted at midnight in those deserted ways, will catch a sound driving toward him which never comes near; he will hear a rumble which will not materialize. He will stand, waiting for the vehicle that will never come. It will be long ere he realizes, as all Dublin people do, that at midnight the ghosts of long-dead horse trams revisit the phases of the moon. If a finger should touch his eye he would see again a spanking city and hear once more the thunder of the hoofs. The stranger steals to his hotel with his overcoat padded protectively about him and his umbrella at the ready. He is glad to get back to London where the streets are full, and away from empty Dublin where the streets are too full.

The mountains are near in Dublin, the sea is next door, and the clouds hang so low that they must be reckoned with the town; pre-war clouds they are, and the colors last and are forever delightful. In this street when the eye scans forward it lights, and with what joy, on the eternal hills; from this window you may smell backward to the ocean, and out of this one you may clutch a fistful of cloud and put it in your pocket. Sea and hill and sky — that is Dublin; and a silence, compacted of their essence, is Dublin also. For if perfection is possible in this world, Dublin should be the perfect city: the model, the unique civic and

architectural achievement of man. Nature herself has lent every aid she possesses to that end, and if even she is thwarted what a notable cause there must be! An effect is often difficult to determine, but a cause never: so the woes of any man can be traced back to two sources — the thing he has and the thing he has n't; and it is so with a city, and it is so with Dublin. There are two things she has which she does n't want, and two things she wants which she has n't got. If some benevolent insurrection could but rid Dublin of her tramway system and her Paving Committee what a future would open before her! Neither of these things fits her streets, and, after its inhabitants, what is a city but its streets? And if, in lieu of these, she could but procure a Parliament and a 'bus system, then Dublin would come from underground; she would blossom like the rose, and all the other cities would recognize their queen.

The Times

## THE USE AND ABUSE OF SCENERY

BY HUGO RUMBOLD

It is impossible to write on the subject of scenery as distinct from other branches of dramatic art. To my mind this is never sufficiently realized by the play-loving public. To the ordinary theatre-goer it is either 'sweetly pretty' or non-existent, except in the case of some stupendous 'commercial' production, cunningly advertised on the score of its 'series of magnificent stage pictures,' and giving full publicity to the lavish expenditure on the part of a philanthropic management in order to 'keep faith with the public' — a foul phrase, and fraught with hypocrisy. To the manager it presents exactly the same aspect, therefore, its

field of appreciation is necessarily limited.

It would be difficult to divide scenery into categories, such as — good scenery, indifferent, and bad, for the following reason: The object of good scenery is to give the right atmosphere to what is taking place in its ambience; therefore, what might be considered a frankly bad scene from the point of view of artistic (pictorial) value (such as a 'concert cloth' in a music hall representing a public house and a cathedral, or an immense vista of marble halls with palms in pots) is precisely what is wanted to create the correct atmosphere for the work of the comedian juggler, or ballad singer. Thus then, by an inversion, it becomes really good scenery.

In England and France, to name only two countries, the public evinces a tremendous interest in theatrical matters. But it may be said roughly that this interest boils down to either listening to a play, or seeing a show. Generations of managers, culminating in the present 'apotheosis' of the commercial theatre, are responsible for having trained the public to this false view of the art of the theatre. At the same time, those of the public who would have willingly taken an interest in the more serious kind of entertainment, so wrongly alluded to by the high-brows as the 'higher form of the drama,' have been frightened away by the willful gloom or nagging neuroticism of the works presented, no less than by the pretentious simplicity of their settings.

These people, then, fall back upon the commercial entertainments (very often submitted to the public in quite good faith by ignorant *entrepreneurs*, as being works of art), while art itself gets a bad name. I do not see why a musical comedy should not be as interesting in every sense of the word as

the most serious literary work. Young Guardsmen with big cigars are as much in evidence at the performances of the Russian ballet as the pale, thinking gentlemen (perhaps I was wrong in putting a comma between pale and thinking), dressed as for 'salmon shooting' in Harris tweeds. But these latter never frequented the ballets at the Empire and the Alhambra in the old days.

One cannot treat of scenery without equally touching on lighting. It is as much a part of the art of the theatre as acting. Immense pains are taken to build, say, a drawing room or an office, and to present them in the most actual form, while through the windows monstrous visions of field and furrow, buildings and banana groves, palaces of kings and palaces of gin, are revealed to the rapt gaze of the 'earnest student of the drama.' Days are spent in perfecting an inflection of the voice, hours with the eminent Clarkson to give a realistic twist to a whisker, or an amorous brilliance to an otherwise fishy-eye, while the producer is content to allow the sun's rays to quiver upward through the floor, or downward from the ceiling, from those jolly little 'battens.'

'Bring up your floats; whites full up in all battens; give me deep ambers in the perches'—so runs the would-be technical jargon of a producer trying to impress an electrician. All this means nothing if not properly applied. In realistic productions, such as are generally to be met with in the average theatre, why should not an attempt be made to get the light to look as if it were coming from where it actually might come?—and, take my word for it, this can be done without obscuring the faces of the performers, although there is a rooted belief in the minds of most actors to the contrary. 'They can't see my face!' howls the star (in

many cases there is no reason why one should); but, seriously, this dread is greatly exaggerated. Situation and atmosphere are the things that tell in a play, apart from the fact that it is perfectly possible, notwithstanding the lamentable electrical installations in English theatres, to light intelligently, and yet allow every change of expression to be plainly visible. The staff and entourage of the actor are often greatly to blame. An example of this occurred on the first night of a production by a very distinguished actor-manager.

In this particular case the designer of the scenery and dresses had been given a free hand as to the lighting. The first act represented a moonlit and starlit garden, which he had carefully illuminated so as not to obliterate the faces of the principal performers. After the fall of the curtain the technical expert usually employed, but who in this instance had, like Othello, found his occupation gone, rushed on to the stage, sobbing bitterly and exclaimed, 'Sir 'Erbert, this 'ere acting in a — coal-ole may suit your fancy, but it's jolly well going to ruin my reputation. So 'ere's my fortnight's notice!' Such is the fetish of footlights.

Costume is the Siamese triplet of acting and scenery. I have always held that insufficient attention is paid to this branch. It is not properly understood that shape and cut in historical costume go to the creation of correct atmosphere, and, if adapted to modern conceptions of beauty and fashion, are capable of ruining it. I once heard of a manager who was mounting an historical play, the action of which took place in a town distant not more than a two-hours' journey from London. Great importance had been attached to the reconstitution of the dresses and manners of the period. Nevertheless, the manager in question did not think it worth his while to take

even so short a journey, although much of an instructive and possibly remunerative character might have resulted from it. It was, however, his proud boast that he had once traveled seventeen thousand real books all over a great continent for one library scene. Cut and shape are everything, but the tradition of the costumier is iron-bound, and he has his set *cliché* for every period.

There are many admirable artists now working for the theatre. It is unfortunate that a large proportion of them are studio painters, without any real knowledge of the technical workings of the stage, which are full of pit-

falls. A most beautiful design is handed over to the scenic artist charged with its execution, who merely cuts it up into a backcloth, and a number of borders and wings, according to his own judgment. The beauty and meaning of the design are thus completely nullified. An ideal condition would be for young painters to undergo a course of rigorous training in the theatre and the wardrobe room. I firmly believe that the results would prove both far-reaching and useful, and of a kind to lead eventually to an immense improvement alike in the theory and the practice of scenic art.

The Telegraph

## HOW KIND IS SLEEP

BY W. H. DAVIES

How kind is sleep, how merciful:  
That I last night have seen  
The happy birds with bosoms pressed  
Against the leaves so green.

Sweet sleep, that made my mind forget  
My love had gone away;  
And nevermore I'd touch her soft  
Warm body, night or day.

So, every night deceived by sleep,  
Let me on roses lie;  
And leave the thorns of Truth for day,  
To pierce me till I die.

To-day

## BY MELLSTOCK CROSS AT THE YEAR'S END

BY THOMAS HARDY

Why go the east road now?  
That way a youth went on a morrow  
After mirth, and he brought back sorrow  
Painted upon his brow:  
Why go the east road now?

Why go the north road now?  
Torn, leaf-strewn, as if scoured by foemen —  
Once edging fiefs of my forefolk yeomen —  
Stalwart peers of the plough:  
Why go the north road now?

Why go the west road now?  
Thence to us came she, bosom-burning,  
Welcome with joyousness returning.  
She sleeps under the bough:  
Why go the west road now?

Why go the south road now?  
That way marched they some are forgetting,  
Stark to the moon left, past regretting  
Loves who have falsed their vow.  
Why go the south road now?

Why go any road now?  
White stands the handpost for brisk onbearers,  
'Halt!' is the word for wan-cheeked farers  
Musing on Whither and How.  
Why go any road now?

Such are for new feet now;  
Hark there to chit-chat, kisses, laughter;  
Yea, there be plenty to go hereafter  
By these ways, I trow!  
They are for new feet now.

The Fortnightly Review

# THE MUSIC OF WOLF-FERRARI

BY WILLIAM SAUNDERS

IN spite of all that has been spoken and written during the past five years in depreciation of Wagner, the critic who is still capable of taking a detached view of the world of opera must have considerable difficulty in honestly departing from his pre-war estimate of *Tristan und Isolde*, as the single *beau idéal* of perfect operatic achievement.

Yet if there exists in opera nothing finer than the mighty love epic of the great Teuton, there are undoubtedly in German, French, Russian, Italian, and even English, operatic literature, not a few approximations to the standard that Wagner has set, and one of the benefits, which, small indeed though it be, is none the less real, that have already risen out of the war is the creation and regeneration of an interest in the musical productions of other nations, and the search for novelties and works of genius there.

We are all aware of the wealth of new musical material that has been discovered in Russia and France, to a very large extent, since the war commenced. But perhaps the most remarkable aspect of the whole question is the tremendous reawakening of interest in the various schools of Italian Opera. Verdi and Puccini are, of course, the prime favorites, but signs are by no means wanting that other Italian composers have only to be given a chance of showing what they already have done, or are yet prepared to do, in order to be taken to the heart of a public which every day gives more and more evidence of having benefited greatly by the long

and disinterested spade work of the devoted pioneers of opera in England, and in English, whose labors in that direction must take an honorable place in the history of British music, and whose names should never be allowed to pass into oblivion so long as Art is Art, and the love of it remains a living force and quickening inspiration.

A provincial touring company which recently visited my own city of Edinburgh, gave in one week separate performances of eight different operas, seven of which were Italian (the remaining one being French—Gounod's evergreen *Faust*), and all to packed houses.

Since the alleged death of the pure *bel canto* style of Italian opera there have arisen many new, and hitherto undreamed of, kinds of operatic composition in the musically famous southern peninsula. The later Verdi, Puccini, and Mascagni and Leoncavallo respectively represent three distinct and separate schools, and now, in Wolf-Ferrari, we have a fourth, the influence of which is decidedly a growing one, and in the future development of Italian music I venture to believe it will have as much to be reckoned with as will the productions of any or all of the other three tendencies represented by the works of the four first-named composers.

Signor Wolf-Ferrari is still a comparatively young man, having seen the light for the first time as recently as 1876. He is but forty-three. His father was a German and his mother

an Italian, and while he received his musical education in Munich he has since come into the closest possible touch with the æsthetic movements of modern Italy, as principal of the Conservatoire of Music of Venice. And in any attempt to arrive at a true estimate of his music these facts must be kept strictly in view.

Efforts have recently been made to disprove the Wagner influence on the later Verdi, but that is only another of those futile attempts to demonstrate the absence of anything good whatever in the Germany of even pre-war days. It was more than coincidence that *Rigoletto* and *Il Trovatore* should have appeared immediately after the production of *Lohengrin* and the publication of *The Art of the Future* and *Opera and Drama*, and although the Italian *maestro* then reverted for a time to his earlier style, it was no less significant that *Aïda* should have come so closely upon the first appearances of *Tristan und Isolde*, *Die Meistersinger*, and the earlier operas of the 'Ring.' And who can honestly dispute the Wagner influence upon *Otello* and *Falstaff*?

Yet the Wagner influence on Verdi was of a character purely external and, as Cecil Forsyth justly remarks, 'While fully alive to the reforms effected by Wagner in Germany, he never went beyond adopting such of them as seemed to him sound for carrying out his own designs. He had no sympathy with excessive length. His practical experience taught him not to risk stage-waits. He kept the musical interest centred in the voice, not in the orchestra. He did not wholly ignore the gospel of *leit-motifs*, but he was no slave to it. For the portrayal of individual men and things he trusted to larger means of characterization rather than to short musical mottoes. As a result

he is never dull; of all operatic composers he gives the least opportunity for cuts.'

In the case of Signor Wolf-Ferrari, however, the matter is entirely different. He certainly resembles the older master in so far as two tendencies combine to make a perfect balance of melodic and harmonic achievement, but while, as I have shown above, only one of these is inherent in the Verdi of the later operas, both are racially, as well as by his duality of training, inherent in the work of Wolf-Ferrari.

His output for the theatre is already of considerable abundance, his *Diable Grossier*, *Cendrillon*, *Sulamite*, and *The Secret of Suzanne* having all already attained a success of by no means insignificant extent. It is by his later works, *The Jewels of the Madonna* and *Donne Curiose*, however, that his fame has really attained world-wide proportions, and as in essentials they differ very little from the lesser known operas, the following generalizations are based largely upon the principles tacitly enunciated in the structure and musical development of these works.

The musical diction of Signor Wolf-Ferrari may be described as a sort of compound of the styles of Richard Strauss and Pietro Mascagni. It is vigorous, bizarre, somewhat overloaded with color, and it makes frequent and occasionally banal descents to the purely commonplace. It is more spectacular, if one may be allowed to use such an epithet in relation to music, than interpretative of the action and development of the play. Yet it is always strictly rhythmic, and a well-known French critic, in describing it as a sort of 'organized noise,' very aptly puts the matter in the proverbial nutshell. But it must not be supposed that, fond as the composer is of noise, and much as there is of it in his work, the *bruit organisé*,

as it is called in the Frenchman's *critique*, is invariable throughout the operas.

Signor Wolf-Ferrari has acquired the 'oasis' habit, probably from Strauss, by whom it is so commonly employed both in his operas and symphonic tone poems, and while Wolf-Ferrari's melodic gift is decidedly superior to that of the German master, and the method in question perhaps on that account not so necessary as Strauss has found it, it is, on the other hand, infinitely inferior to that of the generality of that of his Italian *confrères*. His airs really do not display a great power of melodic invention, but interspersed, as they frequently are, in a welter of discordant cacophony, they actually sound to better advantage than they would otherwise have done. A great fault in these melodies of his also is a too frequent use of the cadence. His clever borrowings and employment of popular airs and folk themes, on the other hand, supply a welcome variety and, as in *The Jewels of the Madonna*, such a degree of local color as never fails to give a work, even when otherwise comparatively inferior, a standing of considerable importance and an interest far in advance of anything likely to accrue from the merely intrinsic qualities of the production itself. His writing and scoring of dance themes also, especially of those applicable to dances of the so-called *Apache* order, fall little, if at all, short of genius, and he makes occasional and discriminate use of the Intermezzo, which in *Cavalleria Rusticana* has gained so wide a measure of popularity.

His chorus writing, again, is seldom

The Anglo-Italian Review

at fault, and generally reminds one of the best examples of Verdi, which is high commendation indeed. And, lastly, he is a past master of orchestration, for how otherwise could he organize his beloved noise so cleverly and so successfully?

One may at this point with justice ask whether a combination of Strauss and Mascagni is a happy and practicable one. Well, for certain types of *libretti* I believe it is. *The Jewels of the Madonna* can scarcely be regarded as a great opera, but it contains elements of popularity and of such permanence as has been accorded to *Carmen*, *Faust*, and *Il Trovatore*, and as such it must, however one may choose to regard it from the strictly artistic point of view, be seriously reckoned with. Further, as the prototype of a new class of opera, it has potential qualities, the ultimate development and outcome of which it is not easy to foresee. At all events, one should not too cursorily dismiss its inherent probabilities, and one may find a considerable amount of interest and instruction in watching their fruition.

What German influence has been brought to bear on the composer up to the present is decidedly not Wagnerian. Wagner and Strauss, as I have long ago pointed out, are essentially different and unconnected in any possible way, and whatever the ultimate result of Wolf-Ferrari's present tendencies may be, it will certainly not be the creation of another *Otello* or *Falstaff*. We can but leave the future to demonstrate, therefore, what will be the destiny of the new Wolf-Ferrari school of opera, which now lies in the lap of the gods.

## AMERICAN EAGLE AND SOUTHERN CROSS

BY E. R. GARNSEY

THERE are few people with whom Australians fraternize more easily than with the average American citizen. Already in the chief business centres of the commonwealth, Sydney and Melbourne, there is a considerable number of Americans resident in the interest of trade or transport. The energetic manufacturer and the prolific American inventor, assisted by enlightened patents laws, have been of great service to the Australian producer. He has been supplied through these with modern machinery, with motor cars, oil, steel, harvesters, axes, dental instruments, tinned salmon, paper, textiles, tobacco, and 'notions' of all sorts — as a glance at the Australian imports statistics will show.

In many lines, as, for instance, in agricultural machinery and tools, the bulk of trade has been large enough to bring representatives of American houses to the commonwealth, where they seem readily to make themselves at home.

The effect of the war has been to enlarge greatly the interchange of trade between the United States and Australia. Imports from the former have almost doubled since 1914, and have increased from 11 per cent to 22 per cent of the total imports into the commonwealth.

Partly in consequence of this expansion of trade between the two countries, and partly in view of Australian interests generally, the Federal Government has within the last two years dispatched a Trade Commissioner to the United States, who has

taken up permanent quarters in New York, with the function of organizing and promoting commerce between the two countries.

This is dull matter, but it points to the solid foundation on which a shrine dedicated to friendship and coöperation in the advancement of civilization may soon be raised. For there are no two communities in the world, under different flags, which it is more interesting to compare at the present time than the great republic of the northern hemisphere and the great, though much younger, commonwealth of the southern; and there are no two between which a fruitful friendship is more likely to flourish.

Let us consider briefly some of their points of likeness and of difference. Take from the United States the area of the great lakes, and you will have a land surface almost identical in size with Australia, and covering zones of temperature which are similar, though they do not precisely correspond in latitude. In the southern land the hot belt lies toward the north; in the northern, its position is reversed. We have here two great countries very rich in natural resources, the early development of which has been due to the efforts of men mainly of British stock, although the United States, if we date from the foundation of Virginia, had some two hundred years' start of Australia, and an advantage in proximity to the Old World.

The United States, though older politically, is the younger country geologically. It has high mountains

of relatively recent formation, whereas, the like features that existed in Australia and are said to have once matched the Himalayas are denuded to their chines, with an elevation now of less than eight thousand feet. Still, in richness and fertility of soil the areas are comparable, and also in ranges of climate. The west coast of the United States, from Washington territory to lower California, enjoys a climate which in its variety resembles that to be found in the most populous parts of Australia, say from Melbourne to Moreton Bay. The clear atmosphere of New South Wales, and its fruits and vegetable products, have caused it to be mentioned in comparison with California, and Sydney has been cited as the San Francisco of the south, the wondrous harbor of Port Jackson finding its parallel in the Golden Gate.

It is when one comes to population that one realizes that, whereas, the great Republic of America is a matron with a large family and many mansions, her younger cousin in the South Pacific is like a young mother with as yet a small brood, and that her larger hope lies in the future. Five million to one hundred million! That is about the proportion to-day, and of that five million the younger country has nearly a full half gathered together in the environs of the capital cities of its six states.

In fact, important as Australia is as a contributor to the world's wealth in animal, vegetable, and mineral produce, the country is but at the beginning of its possibilities even in respect of primary products, and has extensive rural areas within easy reach of existing settlements, of which nothing like full use is now being made. There is abundant room even in the more temperate zones for a population of treble the present number, and if it

were settled there to-day the financial burdens imposed by the world war would rest lightly on Australia's shoulders.

But if this great and unexpected responsibility does for a commonwealth that has no wish to haul down the Union Jack, what, in a former century, its start on an independent career and the adoption of 'Old Glory' did for the United States,—makes her rise to the occasion, exert her strength, and develop her capabilities,—no less may be predicted for the younger than for the elder of these two free and great confederations. And nothing would please the States of Australia more than to maintain close and cordial relations with the United States of America, on whose federal constitution they have in some respects modeled their own.

Australia at present is a sparsely populated continent, practically able to produce anything, which has been content or constrained by force of circumstances to lie largely fallow. It has great cities where professional and commercial life flourishes, and a well-to-do people whose daily round and common task is not so exacting as to deprive them of the opportunity and ability to get a fair amount of entertainment out of life. Great fortunes have been made, but yet it cannot be called a plutocratic country. It has adult suffrage, and the vote of the working classes is in the majority in its electorates. It is a land where the problems of democracy, and of responsible government controlled by those classes which in English-speaking communities are the most numerous, are being practically evolved. In no other country, except possibly Switzerland, is the saying *vox populi, vox Dei* more true than in Australia.

Its politics are strenuous but clean. Every shade of opinion and every

brand of economic theory find free and sometimes forceful expression; yet the life of the individual proceeds under conditions as favorable as any obtaining in the habitable world.

Speaking generally of the people, it may be said that they are open-handed, generous, and buoyant — inclined to esteem a man by what he is rather than by what he has, or by the avocation he follows. The terms 'gentleman' and 'lady' connote character and good-fellowship rather than birth or possessions. Subservience is not the mark of any Australian-born, but in social life good will is always met with a return of good will pressed down and flowing over. The Australian is a good fighter, but he can try conclusions without rancor in a fair field with opponents whom he can oppose and at the same time respect.

In the literature of America, from Hawthorne, Poe, and Longfellow to Owen Wister and Winston Churchill, from Bret Harte to O. Henry, there is a strong link of interest between the two countries. The late Mark Twain — a personal friend — is a household word to the whole reading public of the south. If Tom Sawyer represents all the American boy Mark could think of, he reflects much that is characteristic of his Australian coeval. Mark and Max Adeler, Frank Stockton, the one and only Artemus Ward, and 'Mr. Dooley' have contributed to innumerable bookshelves, and have delighted several generations in the commonwealth.

The first-named, and greatest of these, came to see and to write upon us, and if he had done no more than describe Woolloomooloo as 'a noted pleasure resort near Sydney,' he would have been taken to the heart of every Australian with a sense of fun as a humorist of the first rank. When

Australia produces anyone to compare with S. L. Clemens, with Edgar Allan Poe, and with Nathaniel Hawthorne, she will know she has cut her wisdom teeth — a thing that in spite of *Geoffrey Hamlyn* and *For the Term of His Natural Life*, she has not done yet, though there are some signs of a stirring in her gums.

In mother wit and racy phrase the Australian emulates, if he cannot equal, the invention of the American, and that is why the literature of the States makes so strong an appeal to him.

Australia has two great and prosperous cities in Sydney and Melbourne. An American will probably like both of them. The evidence of 'hustle' may not be so prominent as in the metropolitan cities of his own country, but he will find comfort, reasonable prices, and an up-to-date civilization that serves all ordinary purposes. He will also find outdoor and indoor sport and entertainment in abundance, in which there are crowds of well-dressed people participating.

The first-named city is unrivaled for its site and its port. It grew. Melbourne was built to plan, on the square.

Inland, he will enter a world of vast and varied interest, ranging from scenes of grandeur in their natural beauty to productive acres, whose charm is due to the cultivating hand of man — an ever-changing world as settlement progresses, with farms, orchards, sheep runs, cattle stations, goldfields, silver mines, copper and coal mines, and the like; and with an undeveloped Nile in such a river as the Darling, which only requires population and conservation to make it support inhabitants by the million in plenty and comfort.

A free land, with a great destiny, Australia's motto is Advance!

## ECONOMICS, TRADE, AND FINANCE

### A BUSINESS LETTER FROM GERMANY

GERMANY is moving toward two crises, one immediate, the other remote, the perils of which all know, but for which no one has discovered remedies. The first is the coal crisis; the second is the widespread involuntary dumping abroad of commodities at a fraction of their world-market value, a practice which causes panic only to such foreigners as are producers in threatened branches, but which with good reason causes panic to all Germans. On both these matters conferences and newspapers daily enlarge, agreeing that if remedies are not soon found Germany will, through the second crisis, be cleared out of everything worth selling to foreigners, and through the first crisis will be prevented producing anything more for foreigners to buy.

The coal shortage has grown steadily worse since the attempt made to remedy it between the 5th and 15th of last month by suspending the whole railway passenger service. This measure had very limited success; South Germany, whose industries feel the lack of fuel most, got largely increased supplies, but elsewhere there was no great change, and in Berlin there was no change at all. Heavy snowfalls hampered traffic. A second complete or partial stoppage of the passenger service is now under consideration, and meantime only fifteen express and thirty-five slow long-distance trains a day leave Berlin.

A very heavy coal shortage will be experienced during the rest of the winter. In a statement to the Prussian

National Assembly, Herr Fischbeck, Minister of Trade, put the expected shortage during the five months, November-March, at 36,800,000 tons. The total output in these months, after deducting the consumption of the mines, would be 83,200,000 tons (39,700,000 tons of the amount being brown coal), while for consumption and fulfillment of the Peace Treaty provisions will be needed at least 66,500,000 tons of hard coal and 53,000,000 of brown coal.

Measured by past labor conditions, coal mining is proceeding satisfactorily. The Ruhr daily output has risen to 245,000 tons, which is 60 per cent of the peace figure. The Upper Silesian output has also increased, and is now 100,000 tons a day. In the brown coal districts the output is 90 per cent of that of the later war period, and the bricket production is over 80 per cent of that of 1918. The number of miners working in the Ruhr district is 440,000 men, against 390,000 before the war; in Upper Silesia 150,000 men, against 124,000, and in the brown coal district is also registered an increase.

Now that the men are beginning to work — and it is noteworthy that even the Independent Socialists have declared for more intensive production — the chief local obstacle is lack of dwellings. About 150,000 houses, costing 3,500,000,000 marks, have to be built, and for this work the Reichswirtschaftsministerium has published a comprehensive plan. The insuperable obstacle is the inadequacy of the railway rolling stock. In Upper Silesia the supply of cars increased last month, when it reached 98 per cent of the number needed; but in general the insufficiency

of cars is so marked that the adequate distribution of coal for the railways themselves is often in doubt. For domestic heating and lighting the cities have at most a few days' supply, and as precedence has to be given to this need the wholesale refusal of coal to industry is inevitable.

During the past few weeks a very large number of important industrial works have closed down. A day after the passenger service was restored it was announced by the Coal Department that all the industries of Hamburg, Altona, and Wandsbeck, which depend upon electric power, must close. Since then have come in daily reports of complete or partial stoppage of iron and chemical works, of textile mills, and potteries. The Krupp works, which since the armistice have been extending the scope of their pre-war peace production, announce that a complete stoppage of work is imminent. The small iron and hardware industry of Rhenish-Westphalia is particularly badly hit. This industry, being largely export, suffered severely during the war, but of late, owing to a large home demand and to very heavy orders from foreigners, it has had more work than it could do — the Solingen steel concerns have had a boom without record.

For a time these concerns overcame their fuel troubles by sending their own motor trucks to the pits; but many of them are now threatened with the cutting off of the electric power upon which they depend. The domestic supply is falling rapidly. Houses are supposed to get 90 per cent of last year's consumption, but in practice they are getting only 50 per cent, and many towns get little over 30 per cent. The Coal Commissary reports that the average domestic consumption is not more than one bricket per person per day. As no improvement — so an official statement declares — can be

effected in the utilization of railways, rivers, and canals, it seems certain that a very large part of the industries, particularly the vital iron and steel branches, will be more or less completely closed down during the winter.

With such conditions the widespread fear of any considerable dumping by Germany seems baseless. The dumping is limited, and it is taking forms and dimensions which injure chiefly Germany. On the 18th of last month began a conference between the committee of states and the interested ministries, with the aim of finding means to prevent it. The whole question of Germany's foreign trade relations is primarily an exchange question; Germany's own price level has risen very much more than that of any other important belligerent country except Russia; and it is only the unprecedented collapse of the mark which makes German goods cheap to foreigners.

The Reichsbank has appealed to retail traders to compel foreigners to pay a supplement upon listed prices, a measure which in most cases would be futile, as foreigners can do their buying through German intermediaries. The great open question of principle is whether Germany, seeing attempts to raise the mark's exchange price impracticable, should aim at raising her domestic price level until it equals on exchange that of the world market, and in that way prevent the selling abroad of her goods for a trifle. Such a solution is undesirable. It raises impossible prospects for the German consumer, who finds even present prices very high. But no artificial measures would probably be needed to bring it about; because prices in marks are all the time rising with extraordinary speed. Thus the pig-iron producers who on October 10 raised their prices (for hematite) to 735 marks a ton, the price in 1914 being 79.50 marks, are now demanding an

extra 400-500 marks a ton; and it no longer excites comment when any branch of the finishing metal industries raises its prices 50, 100, or even 200 per cent in a few weeks.

But as German experts hope for a rise in the exchange until it represents roughly the difference between German and foreign price levels (the most detailed calculation I have seen puts the value of the mark, which sells under  $1\frac{1}{2}d.$ , at about  $8d.$ ), the obvious expedient is to fight 'exchange dumping' by temporary measures; and this, it seems, will be done.

One measure unofficially announced is a 25 per cent export duty. This percentage will be hardly felt by foreign buyers as long as the better foreign exchanges are 800 per cent up: The only real advantage would be the increase of revenue for the state. The plan has already aroused protests; the Union of German Industries declares that export must at all cost be fostered. Another suggestion made is that in selling for export prices should be fixed according to the exchange of the day. This suggestion presents difficulties; calculation shows that goods priced at 545 marks on July 7 would have fluctuated to 1,150,839, and 1074 before October 17. The plan is not more practicable than the present system of exacting payment of import duties in gold; in this case, too, the exchange fluctuations compel the government to issue every week a scale of the price of gold in paper. A fully satisfactory remedy is hard to find. The present condition satisfies nobody; Germany is doubly drained of her wealth by importing goods at world market prices while she is paid for her exports at her own price level; foreign manufacturers are frightened; and as a rule the profit is reaped not by foreign consumers, but by foreign importers, middlemen, and retailers. A table has been published

here showing that certain German-made goods are being sold in Sweden for as many crowns as they cost marks; as the crown's exchange was then over ten marks, the importers and middlemen between them reaped 900 per cent profit.

In addition to income tax will be levied a dividend and interest tax of 20 per cent on dividends from stocks and shares, and of 10 per cent on interest from bonds, bank deposits, and foreign investments. The states will receive a share of the income-tax yield (but not of the dividends and interest tax), on the principle that revenue from small incomes mostly goes to them, and revenue from large incomes to the republic. They will receive 90 per cent of the taxation of incomes under 15,000 marks, and so on in inverse ratio until of taxation from incomes over 400,000 marks they will receive only 20 per cent. The states are to be obliged to tax income from land; and the municipalities to levy amusement taxes. The property tax, as in its present stage before the National Assembly Committee, is fixed at 10 per cent on the first 50,000 marks; 12 per cent on the second 50,000 marks; and so on until 65 per cent on all property over 2,000,000 marks is reached. Religious communities, non-profit-making economical associations, and political parties are tax-free. The new luxury tax, in its present condition before the Assembly, is 10 per cent on sale prices of luxury wares, to be paid by the manufacturer. Among the listed luxuries are articles in precious metals, precious stones, jewelry, furs, textiles, pictures, pianos, weapons, sweets, glass and china, furniture, clocks, and toys. Luxuries sold retail, such as works of art, carriage and saddle horses, and flowers, which cannot be taxed at time of production, pay on sale a 15 per cent tax.

The Economist

## TALK OF EUROPE

THE Committee of the 'Northern Peace Society' recently asked the opinion of a number of men of learning in various countries as to what language was most suitable for adoption as a universal language for correspondence and conversation — side by side, of course, with the languages of the different countries. Philologists and those unable to claim that title who are interested in foreign languages will be glad to hear that the result so far has been a heavy defeat for Esperanto and similar artificial jargons. Nineteen answers have so far been received, and twelve votes were given for English, two for French, one for German, one for Esperanto, and three for Ido.

Among eminent Swedes who voted for English are Archbishop Söderblom and Dr. Nils Flensburg, Professor of Sanscrit and Comparative Philology at Lund University, who says that English is spoken by both the English and the American nations, which after the Entente victory will play an even more leading part than before; it is also the most generally used language in trade and commerce and is the most widely spread in all parts of the world. The teaching of this language should not only serve a general practical end, but also lead to closer acquaintance with a literature which, perhaps, among all the literature of Europe is the finest and of the greatest educational value.

ALL doubts as to whether Miss Daisy Ashford really wrote *The Young Visitors* are set at rest by the following letter written to the editor of the London *Morning Post* and signed 'An Old Friend of the Ashford Family': 'I was very much surprised to see in your columns the other day that people still have doubts as to the authorship of Miss Ashford's book. To anyone who knew her as a child doubt seems absurd. I knew her and her family intimately many years ago — the two elder sisters were my friends; they lived near us in Surrey, and afterwards, when they moved down into

Sussex, I stayed there several times and was staying there when Daisy wrote *The Young Visitors*. Through change of residence and marriage we drifted apart. I have not seen any of them all these years, but the moment I read the review of her book in the *Morning Post* I remembered it and her. She and her sisters were the most amusing children I have ever known. Daisy wrote plays and fairy tales, which she and the others acted, sang, and danced, and I could write you yards of the quaint, amusing speeches she made as a child. She did not chatter incessantly as so many children do, but her remarks were always very much to the point, as they are in *The Young Visitors*.'

LORD READING recently addressed the inaugural meeting of the Oxford University British-American Club at the Debating Hall of the Oxford Union. The club, of which Lord Bryce and the American Ambassador are presidents, has been founded to promote friendly relations with America, and has been given support from all over the Empire and America.

The Master of Balliol, who is permanent chairman, presided. He said the people must not make too much of difficulties apparently in the way of the League of Nations on the other side of the Atlantic. He was personally acquainted with Mr. Woodrow Wilson, and he was not a quitter.

Lord Reading asked his hearers not to be misled by anything happening at the moment into thinking there was a change in the feelings of the American people. They remained now what they were during the war, great idealists in spite of being great masters of commerce, men who had always been ready to fight and die for an ideal which they thought was worthy of it. None had appealed to them so strongly as a fight for justice and liberty.

What they in England had to strive for was to remove the mists which obscured a clear vision and to cultivate that freedom

of intercourse which would enable them to speak with the utmost frankness to each other. If they did that he was convinced that they were on the road to that close union with America which would not depend upon alliances of a formal character, but which would rest upon unity of ideas and upon the common feelings which they had at heart. He could not exaggerate the importance to be attached to this understanding. There was no greater work to be done. There were cynics and doubters who were inclined to ask whether the feeling which existed during the war had passed away, and if the events of recent times altered the view of the American people toward this country. 'There is no foundation,' said Lord Reading, 'for the suggestion that America has weakened in her friendship for this country, or that the spirit which existed during the war has passed away.'

'The situation in the United States at the present moment is the outcome of the difference in our political systems. The President with executive power has arrived at a definite Treaty, but that Treaty cannot become law unless adopted by the Senate with a requisite majority. The Senate has not for the moment ratified that Treaty, but the important matter is that, notwithstanding that, I do not believe for one mo-

ment that America has changed. She remains what she was. American people are still the American people we knew during the war, and it is not to be imagined that because there is a difference of opinion as to some of the Articles and details of the Treaty that they have become either antagonistic or less friendly to us.

'The situation as it at present stands has caused us great disappointment. We shall all feel that if America does eventually decide to ratify the Treaty with its Covenant it will give intense pleasure to the people of this country. If, on the other hand, America determines that she will not join us and the other Powers, that she will stand aloof, still, I believe, that the America which we knew during the war remains the same America. It is not because they are adverse to us that they may stand aloof; it is because there is a spirit of intense nationalism in America which hitherto has followed steadfastly the course of avoiding what has been called "entangling alliances." If America does stand aloof can anyone measure the loss to the world? That America with her great influence, materially and morally, should decide not to join the councils of the world, would be a most serious consequence. It is difficult to exaggerate what the loss would be.'

## THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

**Sir Horace Plunkett**, scholar and statesman, was chairman of the Irish Convention of 1917-18.

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**A. Maurice Low**, British by birth, American by residence and association, is the author of the well-known book, *The American People*. He is the chief Washington correspondent of the *London Morning Post*.

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**Lord Charnwood** is the author of the new *Life of Lincoln*.

**Oliver Onions** is the author of numerous essays and serials.

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**St. John Ervine**, essayist and playwright, is the author of the fine play *John Ferguson* lately seen in America.

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**James Stephens** is the author of several successful novels of whimsical adventure, the favorite, perhaps, being *The Crock of Gold*.

## THE MARSH AT NIGHT

BY HUBERT STRINGER

Dusk in the heart of the swamp —  
Moonlight and mystery —  
Dim where the lean shadows romp,  
Looming up eerily;  
Fowls of the darkness awake,  
Goatsucker, Bittern, and Crake —  
Owls, from each thicket and brake,  
Calling uncannily.

Sickly the scents that are there,  
Sweet with decaying;  
Fitfully riding the air,  
Foxfires are playing;  
Whispering sedges unfold  
Secrets the dream-shadows hold,  
Never may mortal be told  
What they are saying.

Shapes from the underworld flit,  
Pale eyes a-glowing,  
Cloaked in miasma they sit,  
Mopping and mowing;  
Summoned to council they go,  
Moaning and murmuring low:  
There, where the black waters flow,  
Evil is sowing.

Dark — and, in shallow and dyke,  
Stealthily creeping,  
Creatures that shadow and strike  
Death to the sleeping:  
Night — and each menacing sound  
Starts the slow echoes around.  
Bowing their heads to the ground,  
Willows are weeping.

Dawn, with her wandering airs,  
Moves on the meadow;  
Gorgeous the robe that she wears —  
Robbed from the rainbow —  
Rises in radiance bright,  
Shooting white arrows of light,  
Shattering vapors of night,  
Waking the hedgerow.

Soon the bright messengers run,  
Molten and gleaming,  
Flung from the limb of the sun,  
Checking and streaming:

Day — and a salt-laden breeze  
Blows from the breast of the seas,  
Softly it stirs in the trees,  
Breaking their dreaming.

## THE HOUSE THAT WAS

BY LAURENCE BINYON

Of the old house, only a few crumbled  
Courses of brick, smothered in nettle  
and dock,  
Or a squared stone, lying mossy where  
it tumbled!  
Sprawling bramble and saucy thistle  
mock  
What once was firelit floor and private  
charm  
Where, seen in a windowed picture,  
hills were fading  
At dusk, and all was memory-colored  
and warm,  
And voices talked, secure from the  
wind's invading.

Of the old garden, only a stray shining  
Of daffodil flames amid April's  
cuckoo-flowers,  
Or a cluster of aconite mixed with  
weeds entwining!  
But, dark and lofty, a royal cedar  
towers  
By homely thorns: whether the white  
rain drifts  
Or sun scorches, he holds the downs  
in ken,  
The western vale; his branchy tiers he  
lifts,  
Older than many a generation of  
men.

The London Mercury

## THE ALMOND BLOSSOMS

The almond blossoms light up the  
black boughs,  
But on the mountain tops still lies the  
snow,  
And snow it seems that flutters on  
these trees,  
Stained with the violet fragrance of  
the spring.